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1 - Poetry, Religious, American

Edmon

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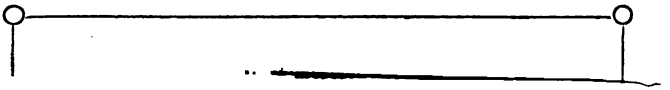

THE

BROKEN VOW,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

AMANDA M. EDMOND.

O speak no ill of poetry,
For 't is a holy thing. — Mrs. Sigourney.

BOSTON:
GOULD, KENDALL & LINCOLN,
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TO

MY VENERABLE GRANDFATHER,

DEA. ELIJAH COREY,

THESE POEMS ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED,

BY

HIS GRANDDAUGHTER.

R 26 JUN 34

PREFACE.

A POETICAL contribution offered to the public, presupposes in the author the existence of the true spirit of song. A perusal of these Poems best can decide whether this be the case in the present instance; they are presented with the hope that, though faulty, they may win some expressions of favorable regard. Critical severity may find much to condemn; but if the little good that remains should touch kindred chords of sympathy in any breast, and enkindle a taste for true poesy, I shall feel that not vainly my harp has been strung. From childhood I have cultivated a friendship with the Muses; their society has beguiled me of many an hour of pain and weariness, and I have loved to express the feelings of my heart in numbers of song.

The sacred Poems inserted here I esteem above the others, and should they be the means, through the Divine blessing, of elevating the heart and directing the thoughts to the contemplation of pure and holy themes, sweet indeed will be the reward of

THE AUTHOR.

The spell of song is on me, and the lyre
  The heart's own music pours, but not to thee,
  O earthly Fame, shall the glad offering be,—
Higher than this my spirit shall aspire,
For O! what art thou but a fleeting breath
Bought by a weary life or early death!
Sweeter to me the thought, in after days,
  Cherished in loving hearts my name shall live,
Than blazoned on thy rolls, a theme of praise
  'Mong those who oft but hollow flattery give.
Therefore these powers of mine thou shalt not claim,
  For I will lay them on a holier shrine,
Whose sacred fires burn with celestial flame,—
Father in heaven! on thine, and only *thine!*

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THE BROKEN VOW

AND OTHER POEMS.

RODOLPHO: OR, THE BROKEN VOW.

PART I.

Rodolpho was a shepherd's son,
  He climbed the mountain steep,
When morning dawned, or day was done,
  To tend his father's sheep.

To honor Rodolph's soul aspired,
  For wealth his spirit burned;
Of bleating flocks and toil he tired,
  A shepherd's life he spurned.

He mused in many a secret grot
  The rugged cliffs supplied,
And loathed and cursed his cruel lot,
  For fame and grandeur sighed.

His father's form was bowed with age,
  His locks were thin and gray;
In toil no more could he engage,
  Or tread the mountain way.

His feeble hands could slay no more
  The beasts that wildly run,—
He sat beside his cottage door,
  And slumbered in the sun.

The old man's wife was dead and gone,
  He laid her in the ground,
And clasping vine and sheltering thorn
  He planted on her mound.

His little daughter Alphonsine
  Supplied her mother's place;
A lovelier child than she, I ween,
  Did never cottage grace.

His comfort e'er her sole desire,
  She sought no childish play;
Like some sweet angel round her sire,
  She hovered night and day.

'T was on a cold and gloomy morn,
  The coldest of the year,
When Rodolph climbed at early dawn
  The mountain steep and drear.

December's keen and cutting gale
  Blew harsh on hill and moor,
December's rude and rattling hail
  Iced all the country o'er.

Along the mountain fiercely cold
  The sturdy shepherd passed,
And gave his bleating charge a fold
  To screen them from the blast.

A spacious cave he chanced to see,
  And entered there to roam;
'Hard is the life I lead,' said he,
  'I scorn my humble home.

'O, had I gold, then would I live
  As men should live below;
I'd take the gift, should demons give,
  Or fiends the boon bestow.

'I curse the day that gave me birth,
  And made me thus a slave;
By all the saints, I wish the earth
  Would take the dust she gave.'

Erect he raised his stalwart form,
  His hands extended wide;
His impious voice above the storm
  Arose, high heaven to chide.

But, hark! he heard a sudden sound,
  Far in the cavern dim;
An old man left its depths profound,
  And swift drew nigh to him.

No mortal face the old man bore,
  His was no mortal tone;
A signet on his brow he wore,
  Of race and world unknown.

A snowy beard fell down below,
  And hid his shrivelled waist;
His sable garments' mournful flow,
  A leathern girdle braced.

The voice of that wild withered seer
  Was like a funeral knell,
As thus on Rodolph's wondering ear
  Its thrilling music fell.

'Thy wish I long have known, rash boy!
  It shall be granted now;
And filled shall be thy cup of joy,
  Wilt thou but take a *vow*.

'But, first, to give thee gold, thy sire
  His aged life must yield!
What else shall spring from thy desire,
  Shall shortly be revealed.

'Say, art thou willing he should die?
Few years has he to live;
Think of thy wants gold will supply,
Of bliss that gold will give.'

Rodolpho listened as he spoke,
And shuddered deep awhile;
But, O! at last there o'er him broke
A fiend-assenting smile.

The tempter saw his words prevail,
And boldly answered, 'Now
Of endless wealth thou shalt not fail,
And this shall be thy vow:—

'That from a drainless golden mine,
But *once* each rolling day,
A portion thou shalt take as thine,
And bear it thence away.

'But, should'st thou *twice* the coffers seek,
Twice on the self-same day,
I will upon thee vengeance wreak,
This forfeit thou shalt pay.

'Thy Alphonsine, a maiden fair,
The fairest 'neath the heaven,
Thy sister, thou shalt thither bear,
And she to me be given.

'But should'st thou *thrice* a portion take,
Ere Sol shall westward roll,
Thee, goblins shall their victim make,
And fiends torment thy soul.

'Or, should'st thou e'er to men reveal
The secret thou shalt bear,
My king's fierce judgments thou shalt feel
In endless, dread despair.'

Again that smile of strange delight,
Rodolpho's face defiled,
As lightning, mid the gloom of night,
Plays round a mountain wild.

The fiend prevailed; Rodolpho cried,
'May'st thou bear witness now,
May heaven and earth attest beside,
I *swear to keep the vow!*

'If false, heaven's wrath shall o'er me roll,
My frame in vengeance blast,
And demons shall my perjured soul
To endless torments cast.'

The old man drew a massive key
From out his sable vest,
And gave the youth; 'Enough,' said he,
'Be of thy wish possessed.'

He spake, and, lo! the arches damp,
  Within that gloomy cave,
Were lit with many a massive lamp,
  That awful radiance gave.

A lock upon the rugged side
  Of one low arch reposed,
The key applied, a door flew wide,
  And shining gold disclosed.

The youth to seize the prize began,
  And viewed his portion o'er,
Then turned to thank the aged man,
  But saw his face no more.

And soon he sought his father's cot,
  Still musing on the gold;
The father's fate the child forgot,
  But quickly was it told.

His sire, upon the cottage floor,
  A lifeless body lay;
A livid hue his features wore,
  Cold was his breathless clay.

And Alphonsine, his darling child,
  Chafed tenderly his brow;
Then Rodolph shook, his eye was wild,
  He thought upon the *vow!*

'He will not wake!' the weeping girl
Exclaimed, in deep despair;
She kissed his lips, her auburn curls
Swept o'er his hoary hair.

'I went for water to the spring,
And swift my footsteps sped,
But when I came the cup to bring
My father he was dead!'

The child ne'er ceased to moan and weep
Till grief e'en sank to rest,
And she had wept herself to sleep
Upon her father's breast.

Rodolpho shuddered at the sight,
But 'mid the evening gloom,
Far on the dusky mountain's height,
He sought his sire a tomb.

And staggering 'neath the weight, he bore
His awful burden there;
The dull eyes of the dead man wore
A stern, reproachful glare.

With trembling steps he left the spot,
And vainly sought repose;
His father's image left him not
Till morning light arose.

And Alphonsine's sweet, plaintive tones,
  The artless words she said,
Fell on his ear like funeral moans,
  Or voices from the dead.

And days rolled by of changeless gloom,
  To Rodolph and his gold,
Till spring returned with vernal bloom,
  Her beauties to unfold.

Though much he from the cavern took,
  To more his soul aspired;
He once the coffers rudely shook,
  And all they held, desired.

At last, *twice* on the self-same day,
  The cave he boldly sought;
A *second* portion bore away,
  And to his cottage brought.

'Were Alphonsine but gone,' said he,
  'I, weary of the charge,
Then would my longing feet be free
  To roam the world at large.'

To conscience' voice he gave no heed,
  And storms swept o'er the heaven
As he performed the hellish deed,
  Just ere the fall of even.

But when that deed was done, there came
  Remorse, with bitter sighs,
A living fire preyed on his frame,
  A fire that never dies.

He knew he must the forfeit pay;
  So, when the morning broke,
Sweet Alphonsine he led away,
  From peaceful slumbers woke.

'What seek we on the mountain side?
  My brother,' said the child;
The brother stern no word replied,
  His look was dark and wild.

But on she spake in childish glee,
  As Rodolph swiftly led
His sister 'neath a stately tree,
  Where he had laid the dead.

'What seek we here at early dawn?
  The wild deer speeds his flight,
The grapes are green, the mountain thorn
  Bears yet no berries bright.

'I'll twine a wreath of flowers around
  Thy brow, of lily dye;'
But Rodolph threw him on the ground,
  The child, amazed, stood by.

And while sweet flowers she trembling laid
  Amid his raven hair,
Emerging from the forest shade,
  An old man hastened there.

'I claim the forfeit, lo!' he said,
  'The child is now mine own.'
Then with her vanished, and the dead
  And Rodolph were alone.

He felt he bore that dead man's ban,
  New blood his hands imbrued,
And homeward wildly Rodolph ran
  As though some fiend pursued.

And soon he sold his cot and sheep,
  And left his mountain home,
And sought to lull remorse to sleep
  Amid the pomp of Rome.

He built a palace proud and high
  Of sculptured marble there;
And all was his that wealth could buy,
  Of worth or beauty rare.

And costly garments Rodolph wore,
  And richest spices burned;
But ever from his palace door,
  The poor, he cursing, spurned.

He gently cheered no sufferer sad,
  He warmed no pilgrim cold;
No mourning heart was e'er made glad
  By kindness, or by gold.

No fervent prayer to heaven arose
  For blessings on his head;
But feared by friends, and scorned by foes,
  A gloomy life he led.

'T was midnight; o'er the city hung
  The lamp that lights the earth:
'T was midnight; through the city rung
  The voice of festal mirth.

St. Peter's bell was pealing loud
  From out its massive dome,
And trod its aisles a gorgeous crowd,
  'T was carnival at Rome.

In marble niches torches blazed,
  And flashed a thousand fires;
And minstrels swelling pæans raised,
  And swept their sounding lyres.

And palace doors were opened wide,
  And o'er each banquet board,
Sweet fragrance, like an airy tide,
  The burning censers poured.

And nobles proud, and stately lords,
  The marble pavements strode;
And knights with pennons, plumes, and swords,
  On fleetest chargers rode.

But Rodolph, on a thorny bed,
  In fitful tossings lay;
The moon her lustre o'er him shed,
  Till night seemed bright as day.

He seemed to see his father's face,
  And lines of woe were there;
To feel his sister's cold embrace,
  And meet her glassy glare.

The moonlight on their garments fell,
  The light breeze made them wave;
He shuddered, for he knew too well
  Their robes were of the grave!

He quailed — reproachful words he seemed
  To hear the phantoms say;
Then woke to find that he had dreamed,
  The vision passed away.

And now he sought to take the life,
  The hated life he bore,
And madly grasped the glittering knife
  He at his girdle wore.

He shrank, he dropped the steel; his soul
  Was racked by pangs of guilt,
And keen remorse, that spurned control,
  For blood already spilt.

That day, as he of gold possessed,
  Was coming from the cave,
In rage his dagger pierced the breast
  Of Gondoline, a slave!

He knew that she had watched his path
  Where none beside were nigh;
So madly, in vindictive wrath,
  He bade the menial die.

Her life-blood flowing from the wound,
  His silken vest had stained;
He flung it wildly on the ground,
  And e'en the sight disdained.

For in a torch's flame he burned,
  The garb defiled with blood;
Then from the loathsome ashes turned,
  And sought a sparkling flood —

Of water, that in beauty flowed
  From out a marble fount,
That rose behind his proud abode,
  Upon a mossy mount.

He bathed him in the cooling stream,
  Then sought his palace halls,
And woke each dying torch's gleam,
  That studded o'er the walls.

He bade his servants swiftly spread
  With feasts the tables o'er;
And costly wines, both white and red,
  In golden goblets pour.

He bade his minstrels sweetly sing,
  And tune anew the lyres;
Till every sounding arch should ring
  With music from their wires.

He bade his doors be opened wide,
  And lit with brilliant flame;
Until, to feast at Rodolph's side,
  A train illustrious came.

The feast went on, the night waned fast,
  The banquet's song was loud;
The treacherous wine had darkly cast
  O'er Rodolph's brain a cloud.

His raging fears it deeply drowned,
  And lulled remorse to sleep,
Until his shattered reason found
  Its secrets hard to keep.

He boasted of his boundless gold,
  The costly gems he wore,
The slaves his mighty arm controlled,
  His barks the ocean bore.

Pleased with the praises of his power,
  The wondering listeners gave,
Alas! in an ill-fated hour
  He told them of the *cave!*

He told the secret of his wealth;
  That, when the world was stilled,
He sought a distant mount by stealth,
  And all his coffers filled.

He ridiculed the aged man,
  Who there the gift had given;
And ridiculed the *vow* he made,
  And swore to keep by heaven!

He ceased: the maddening wine-cloud broke
  And left his troubled brain;
He knew the words so rashly spoke,
  And mourned those words in vain.

A chill, like ice, crept o'er his frame,
  Pale grew his crimson brow;
And fear with all her horrors came,
  For he had broke his *vow!*

A voice rolled through the palace halls,
  In deep and thunder tones,
And rattled proud and bannered walls,
  Like heaps of mouldered bones.

A voice, and a fearful form drew nigh,
  Of an awful, solemn bearing;
And a massive pall of the darkest dye,
  Were its mail-clad shoulders wearing.

'T was an aged man, and a mighty lance
  In his hands he flourished proudly;
And Rodolph quailed at his searching glance,
  As these words he uttered loudly:—

'Die, traitor, die! thou hast broke thy *vow*,
  And thou canst recall it never;
Die, traitor, die! I have won thee now,
  And thou shalt be mine forever!'

Deep horror sat on the death-pale face
  Of each noble guest that heard him;
And they all rose up from their wonted place
  But their host, for a spell deterred *him*.

The song was hushed on the minstrel's tongue,
  The harp from the weak hand glided,
As the clang of the phantom's armor rung,
  And his laugh their fears derided.

And they all rushed out at the opened door,
  And the costly feast was wasted;
The wine-cups rolled on the marble floor,
  And their contents flowed untasted.

The fiend and his victim alone were left,
  For his voice the last had banished;
And the marble pavement was widely cleft,
  And they both together vanished.

When morning dawned, not a trace was found
  Of the palace burned and sundered;
Men gathering, gazed on the smoking ground,
  And they crossed themselves and wondered.

There was none o'er Rodolph's fate to weep:
  He had passed, with every token
Of riches, once as the boundless deep,
  For the *vow*, the *vow* was *broken!*

PART II.

RODOLPHO: OR, THE BROKEN VOW.

Rodolpho and the awful fiend
  Sank down to ghostly regions;
And waiting for him, there he saw
  Ten thousand spectre legions.

And they brought him, shouting fierce and loud
  In their wild infernal tones,
To their king, whose banner was a shroud,
  And whose palace human bones!

And Deatheldorf was the monarch's name,
  And his realm was goblin Vale;
And a minister prime had that monarch same,
  Whose title was Shuddergale.

The king sat high on a blood-red throne,
  With a strange and dazzling crown;
His sceptre proud, was a snow-white bone,
  And he waved it with a frown.

'Thou wretch!' he cried, 'who hast dared to break
  A vow, with my courtier made,
For this shall my fiercest judgments burst,
  In their fury on thy head!

'O! thou shalt be torn by torments keen,
And my eyes thy pangs shall see;
Yon brain-fed birds that are feasting seen,
Shall fatten, perchance, on thee!'

He spake, and he bade his servants bear
The youth to a barren plain;
And to fetter the trembling captive there,
With a strong and heavy chain.

They carried him then to an open field,
And they made him fast, and cried,
'Till the gates of yon tomb be all unsealed,
Thou shalt in this spot abide.'

Rodolpho looked, and a tomb beheld,
Four portals around it hung,
And at each a fearful goblin yelled,
And a key at his girdle swung.

He stood alone by the awful spot,
For the monarch's train withdrew,
And he longed for morn, but he saw it not,
For the night still darker grew.

At last a noise at the tomb he heard,
Of a massive key turned round;
And a door, addressed by a magic word,
Flew wide, with a jarring sound.

And he saw a funeral train pass out,
  With a sable hearse before;
The hearse was drawn by a goblin stout,
  And a coffin dark it bore.

Their forms were lit by a torch's flame,
  And the foul air was its food;
And they hastened on till at last they came
  To the spot where Rodolph stood.

He looked for tears and for mournful groans,
  But no tears the goblins shed,
For they laughed in wild and savage tones,
  As exulting o'er the dead.

The glare of the flambeau borne before,
  Flashed over the coffin dim,
And he saw that the lid his own name bore,
  That it waited but for him.

Rodolpho swooned; when to life he woke,
  No trace of the train he found;
He looked at the tomb, at a fresh word spoke,
  Lo! another gate swung round.

And a dark red stream flowed gently forth,
  And it widened as it ran;
It part went south, and it part went north,
  Spread out like an opened fan.

Ere long it covered the whole plain o'er,
  And it wetted Rodolph too;
The tiny waves on its breast it bore
  Soon to mighty billows grew.

And he was bound to an iron stake,
  In the midst of the awful field;
His fetters he wildly sought to break,
  But in vain, for they would not yield.

The stream soon grew to a river wide,
  And it rose to Rodolph's chin,
And he strove to scream, but his accents died
  In the fearful water's din.

And he saw to him coming a goblin fleet,
  And its sails were white as snow;
And loudly rattled each straining sheet,
  As the wind swept to and fro.

The barks of the goblins, black and red,
  On the foaming waves danced light;
They sailed round the fainting Rodolph's head,
  And yelled in their demon might.

They held out ropes as to save him, oft,
  But when these he strove to grasp,
They snatched them back with a mocking laugh,
  At their victim's fruitless clasp.

At last they weary, the sport forsook,
  And their horrid cries they stilled;
But they turned on Rodolph a parting look,
  And his very soul it chilled.

The crimson billows ceased to bound,
  And the tide kept growing low,
Till Rodolph gazed on the solid ground,
  Still wet by its recent flow.

To the tomb he turned, and another gate
  On its bony hinge swung wide,
And stood at the threshold a spectre great,
  And two crowns were by his side.

Two forms came forth from the tomb's dark door,
  That in robes of white were clad;
And victor palms in their hands they bore,
  And beautiful wings they had.

The sable shadows of midnight rolled
  Like the mists of morn away,
And the sun looked down with an eye of gold,
  From the sky of a cloudless day.

Sweet flowers sprung up of the fairest hue,
  And the barren field was green;
And the wondering Rodolph his *father* knew,
  And his *sister*, Alphonsine.

A seal on the brow of his father lay,
  That shone like the morning sun,
He bore no traces of pale decay,
  For his earthly race was run.

His sister's lips with a smile were wreathed,
  The smile that the angels wear,
And the odors of beautiful flowers she breathed,
  Entwined in her golden hair.

He strove to speak, but he strove in vain,
  And the crowns he saw them take,
And upward soar from the goblin plain,
  And a joyful song awake.

Then clouds swept over the sky serene,
  And the heavy thunder roared,
And over the plain, no longer green,
  Was a fearful tempest poured.

It ceased, and the fourth, the last great gate
  Of the tomb was opened wide,
And Deatheldorf, in a car of state,
  Rode out in his kingly pride.

And a train of goblins next outrushed,
  Whose hideous yells rose high,
Some, under the wheels of the car were crushed,
  But they lived, for they could not die.

The monarch spake, in an awful tone,
To his minister, Shuddergale,
And proudly flourished his sceptre bone,
In his huge right hand so pale.

A fearful trumpet the minister blew,
And its blasts the plain did shake;
And the goblin legions nearer drew,
As their king to Rodolph spake.

'Thou wretch! thou hast felt our heavy ire,
And thou tremblest at it now,
But a judgment far than these more dire,
Shall come for thy broken *vow!*

'Thy sister fair, thou didst sell for gold,
From our dark abode has gone;
Her sinless spirit we could not hold
By the fetters thou hast worn.

'Thine aged sire was a holy man,
And her lot, he too hath shared,
But thou art writhing beneath his ban,
To an endless torment spared.

'The good in a world of bliss rejoice,
When their earthly bonds are riven,
But he who yields to the *tempter's* voice,
To the tempter's *wrath* is given.'

A sign he made, and the earth oped wide,
  And a deep abyss disclosed,
And adown its depths the liquid tide
  Of a fiery lake reposed.

And the goblins hurled Rodolpho in,
  And the greedy flames flashed high,
While they drowned in a wild, exulting din,
  The sound of his piercing cry.

'T was a hideous fire, and its awful rage
  Deep waters could smother, never;
It burned its victims from age to age,
  And 't is said it burns forever!

And now must I hush my wondrous tale,
  And I know it by this token;
The star in the brightening east is pale,
  For the spell of night is broken.

SPRING.

A SONG for thy return, O Spring,—
  What shall the music be?
For every bird hath one, whose wing
  Sweeps through the blue air, free.
His harp the poet cannot wake
  To such melodious strain
As that whose notes the silence break,
  Of field, and hill, and plain.

A tribute for thy scented breeze,
  That sweepeth to and fro,
And shaketh from the old fruit trees
  The blossoms white as snow;
And scatters them far o'er the grass,
  The soft, green grass and bright,
Where feet of merry children pass,
  With laugh of wild delight.

They hunt the blue-eyed violet,
  In shady forest nook,
And snatch the golden cowslip, wet
  With water from the brook.
They are as happy in their glee
  As birds upon the wing;
Sweet is the song they sing for thee,
  For thy return, O Spring!

A tribute to thy fragrant flowers,
  The beautiful, the gay,
Who slept the long, cold winter hours
  Beneath the ground away.
They cared not for the icy rain,
  The bleak wind and the snow;
They knew that thou would'st come again,
  With days of sunny glow.

They knew that thou would'st call them up,
  From 'neath the lowly sod,
And bid each ope its tiny cup
  Wide, for the praise of God:
His praise, who bathes them in his dew,
  Who pencils every leaf,
And gives to each its radiant hue,
  And season, long or brief.

O Spring! thrice welcome all thy gifts
  So wondrous, fair, and sweet;
The trees, the flowers, the grass, that lifts
  Its spires beneath our feet.
Thou bringest to our memory
  That brighter world on high,
Whose blossoms ope eternally,
  Whose beauties never die.

And, as for thy return, sweet Spring!
  From winter's dreary tomb,
Now nature wakes, thy praise to sing,
  And with new life to bloom;
So may our dust, which soon shall lie
  With ashes, kindred born,
Arise, and hail with joyful cry
  The resurrection morn.

WANDERING THOUGHTS.

Come home my thoughts, O wherefore, idly straying,
Wander ye thus at evening's hallowed time;
Still, still upon earth's meaner shores delaying,
While pure devotion plumes for flight sublime,
And spirit voices on the soft, still air,
Whisper to mortals summons sweet to prayer.

The golden sun's departing beams are wreathing
Forest, and plain, and cot, and stately tower;
And the cool night wind sweepeth, gently breathing,
And the bright dew lies on the folded flower;
Return my thoughts, O, wherefore idly roam,
Come to the shrine, the cross,—come home, come home!

This is the hour for sacred, sweet communion
With the pure spirits of a purer sphere;
Now hath the soul with heaven a nearer union,
Breaking the fetters that would chain it here;
Soaring on Faith's own pinions far away
Up to the regions of eternal day.

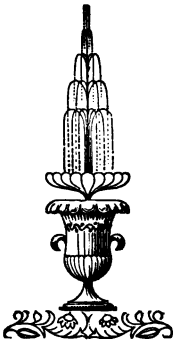
Come from the bowers of worldly hopes and pleasures,
Ere the bright bow that spans their sky be fled,
Come from the absent, memory fondly treasures;
Come from the silent mansions of the dead.
Tarry no more in mournful reverence now,
Where the destroyer's seal mars beauty's brow.

Cease to brood longer o'er affection slighted,
In this cold world it must be often so;
Love will be wasted, scorned, and unrequited,
And its bright waters darkened as they flow,
Till purer realms to truer hearts give birth,
Seldom thy gifts, O sad, mysterious earth!

Come from the lore of days long since departed,
A holier book is oped for ye to scan,
And themes more glorious far than ever darted
Thro' the thick darkness shrouding erring man;
The Book of books! cluster ye thoughts of mine
Around each page and hail it as a shrine.

Come from the land of Fancy, ever glowing
With the soft radiance of ideal things,
A fairer world whence richer rays are flowing,
Hues far more beauteous o'er your pinions flings;
Catch the bright glories as they pass ye by,
Like the fleet splendors of the sunset sky.

Haste, O my thoughts, ere in your freshness wasted,
What earth, first served, resigns, heaven may but claim,
Ere the dull spirit leave the cup untasted,
Proffered to rouse to life her sluggish frame;
Return, return, O cease to idly roam,
Come to the shrine, the cross,—come home! come home!



SUNSET AT SEA.

How glorious, when like a crown
  Upon the western wave,
The golden sun goes calmly down
  Into his ocean grave.

But ere he hides his flaming head
  Beneath the foaming crest,
A broad deep glare of burning red
  He flings across her breast.

Then o'er his place of burial ride,
  In majesty sublime,
The giant waves, that have defied
  For ages, change and time.

Now night spreads wide her ebon wings,
  Adorned with starry gems,
More radiant far than eastern kings'
  Most brilliant diadems.

O, sunset on the land is fair,
  When darker shadows fall,
And far away we see him bear
  The light that gladdens all;

When evening zephyrs gently sweep
  With fragrance of the rose,
And weary nature sinks to sleep
  In undisturbed repose.

But 't is a nobler, grander scene,
  The ocean world displays,
When in a grave of liquid green
  He hides his golden rays;

Where never slumbering waters roll
  In tireless fury by,
Whose wrath he only can control
  Who formed the sea and sky.

Go, ride where feet have never trod,
  O'er wildest paths and free,
And worship nature's glorious God
  At sunset on the sea!

WHEN IS THE TIME TO DIE?

I ASKED a glad and happy child,
Whose hands were filled with flowers,
Whose silvery laugh rang free and wild,
Among the vine-wreathed bowers.
I crossed her sunny path, and cried,
'When is the time to die?'
'Not yet! not yet!' the child replied,
And swiftly bounded by.

I asked a maiden, back she flung
The tresses of her hair;
A whispered name was on her tongue,
Whose memory hovered there.
A flush passed o'er her lily brow,
I caught her spirit's sigh;
'Not now,' she cried, 'O no, not *now!*
Youth is no time to die.'

I asked a mother, as she prest
Her first-born in her arms,
As gently on her tender breast
She hushed her babe's alarms.

In quivering tones her answer came,
Her eyes were dim with tears,
'My *boy* his mother's life must claim,
For many, many years!'

I questioned one in manhood's prime,
Of proud and fearless air,
His brow was furrowed not by time,
Or dimmed by woe and care.
In angry accents he replied,—
And gleamed with scorn his eye,
'Talk not to *me* of death,' he cried,
'For only age should die.'

I questioned Age; for him, the tomb
Had long been all prepared,
But death, who withers youth and bloom,
This man of years had spared.
Once more his nature's dying fire
Flashed high, as thus he cried,
'*Life*, only life is my desire!'
Then gasped, and groaned, and died.

I asked a Christian—'answer thou
When is the hour of death;'
A holy calm was on his brow,
And peaceful was his breath;
And sweetly o'er his features stole
A smile, a light divine;
He spake the language of his soul,
'*My Master's time is mine!*'

BRIGHT FANCY, SPREAD THY PINIONS WIDE.

Bright Fancy, spread thy pinions wide,
  And let me soar with thee,
While fall the shades of eventide,
  That darken land and sea!

O, bear me to the muses' seat,
  If such may there appear,
Where roll, in numbers wildly sweet,
  Songs lost to mortal ear.

Say, is that seat on Ida's mount,
  Where fadeless sunbeams glow,
Or where Castalia's silver fount
  And sparkling waters flow?

Where minstrels drank, in days of old,
  The song-inspiring waves,
That came o'er sands of shining gold,
  Deep in the mountain caves.

Or, in Acadia's myrtle groves,
  Whose leaves are never sere;
Where Pan, perchance, still idly roves,
  And charms the shepherd's ear —

Where Bacchus noisy revel held,
  Crowned with the vine-leaves bright;
And dancing satyrs wildly yelled,
  And broke the peaceful night;

When deigned great Jove his throne to leave,
  And high Olympic's bowers,
And haughty Juno stooped to weave
  A wreath of earthly flowers.

Or is their seat beneath the deep,
  Among its coral caves,
Where sea-gods mighty tridents keep
  To lash rebellious waves?

Where Neptune decks his palace o'er
  With gems of brilliant hue,
And pearls along the polished floor,
  Lie thick as drops of dew;

Where insects build their tiny cells,
  Rough billows never tear,
Where sea-nymphs wind their rosy shells,
  Or braid their silken hair;

Or wet with tears of pity warm,
  In some deep gloomy cave,
The shipwrecked sailor's lifeless form,
  And grant him there a grave;

Or gather sea-flowers pale and cold,
  To wreathe his temples o'er,
Then bear his icy corse to mould
  Upon the pebbly shore.

Or is their seat on ocean's breast,
  Where sea-birds swiftly skim,
When in the distant clouded west,
  The lamp of day burns dim;—

Or Triton, in his car of gold,
  By shining dolphins drawn,
The waves upon their bosom hold,
  To greet the blushing morn?

Or on the wild and sea-girt strand,
  Among the lofty rocks,
Where howls the breeze that sweeps to land,
  Whose sound the water mocks?

Or 'mong the silver stars, that light
  The pensive gloom of even,
And shed a lustre mildly bright
  Upon the darkened heaven.

The fairest of the starry band—
  Is *that* the muses' seat;
Where land reëchoes back to land
  Their numbers wildly sweet?

Where gentler breezes sweep along,
  And on their pinions bear
The softest, purest notes of song—
  It must—it must be there.

O, spread thy wings, bright Fancy! wide,
  And let me soar with thee,
While fall the shades of eventide,
  That darken land and sea!

THE THREE DREAMS.

'T WAS night, and on a battle-field
  A tented host were lying,
A warrior slumbered on his shield,
  His banner o'er him flying.

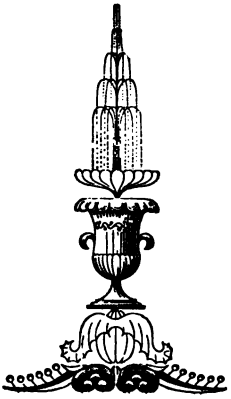
He dreamed he won a wreath of fame,
  That round his brows he bound it;—
Death with the strife at morning came—
  The warrior never found it.

A young girl slept within her bower,
  A smile her red lips parted,
Bright visions of some by-gone hour,
  Swift o'er her dreaming darted.

Love's cup of bliss fond fancy grasped—
  Could aught destroy it?—never!
She woke to find the chalice dashed,
  The treasure gone forever!

Weary and worn a pilgrim lay
  Where greenwood shades were blending,
His soul in heavenly dreams away
  The angel sleep was sending.

Hours passed, and saw that pilgrim wake
  To catch the *real* gleamings
Of worlds that on the vision break,
  Not in earth's holiest dreamings.



GOD GIVETH US THIS GLORIOUS WORLD.

God giveth us this glorious world,
  Its sunbeams and its showers,
Its trees with vernal beauty crowned,
  And brightly blooming flowers.
The swelling plains, where waves the grass
  Like billows of the sea,
As summer breezes o'er it pass,
  On pinions soft and free.

He giveth us the welcome day,
  The golden sun, whose beams
Break through the dusky shades of night
  Like hope's celestial gleams —
And peaceful eve, whose crown outvies
  The richest diadems,
For heaven's own jewels glitter there,
  Ten thousand, thousand gems.

God giveth us the countless streams,
  Whose silver waters flow
Through flowery field and verdant plain,
  With music sweet and low; —

The mount, that to the lofty skies
  Its towering head uplifts! —
Above, below, and everywhere,
  Are our Creator's gifts.

He giveth us a heart to love
  All that he here hath made,
But asks that at *his* shrine alone
  Our *homage* should be paid.
Yet, O, the base ingratitude
  Of man's rebellious soul,
He stoops to be the slave of sin,
  Yields to her vile control.

Strange, that the goodness God displays,
  In his creative powers,
Should fail so oft to rouse to life
  The gratitude of ours.
Strange, that on earth's inferior things,
  As grovelling as the sod,
Man wastes the freshness of a mind,
  Immortal as its God.

O, when shall that blest season come,
  Whose radiance shall illume,
And call the spirit, wrapped in night,
  Forth from its living tomb?
When praise to God from every tongue,
  And anthems, shall ascend,
Till seraph choirs with earth's redeemed,
  The sounding chorus blend.

MUSIC.

'He was dying. They bent over him, and he whispered, "I hear the sound of music, 't is distant, but, O how sweet!"'

Music! what was it? the swelling note
  Of a pæan loud and high,
Whose echoes back on the light breeze float,
  As a martial train sweeps by?
Not this, not this was the sound so clear,
So sweet, that broke on a mortal's ear.

Music! what was it? the solemn sound
  Of an exile's funeral hymn,
As a sable train to the burial-ground
  Moves on through the forest dim?
Not this, not this was the sound so clear,
So sweet, that broke on a mortal's ear.

Music! what was it? a banquet's song,
  Where the red wine sparkles bright,
And the joys of festal mirth prolong
  The feasts of the shadowy night?
Not this, not this was the sound so clear,
So sweet, that broke on a mortal's ear.

Music! what was it? a bridal lay,
  Oft chanted 'mid smiles and tears,
As the blushing maiden they lead away
  From the home of her early years?
Not this, not this was the sound so clear,
So sweet, that broke on a mortal's ear.

Music! what was it? the trump that sings
  Of the fadeless wreaths of fame,
Whose tone to the panting spirit brings
  The news of a deathless name?
Not this, not this was the sound so clear,
So sweet, that broke on a mortal's ear.

Music! what was it? the hunter's horn
  In the echoing valley wound,
Whose loud notes startle the timid fawn
  In the greenwood's depths profound?
Not this, not this was the sound so clear,
So sweet, that broke on a mortal's ear.

Music! what was it? the Sabbath bell,
  On the morning zephyrs borne,
That seems to bring with its sacred swell
  Relief to the hearts that mourn?
Not this, not this was the sound so clear,
So sweet, that broke on a mortal's ear.

'T was the sound a dying Christian heard,
  Who stood on the shore of Time,
There broke on his ear, *one* thrilling word,
  One note of a song sublime.
Then quickly he dropped his cumbrous clay,
  And soared to the angel choir,
And sang, while mounting the shining way,
  With a seraph's holy fire.
Feeble and faint, and of transient worth,
  Are the lays the world has given;
O, there is nought on the wide, wide earth
  Like the joyful songs of heaven;
Nought like the music, so soft and sweet,
Of ransomed souls at the Saviour's feet!

THE WATER LILY.

O, THE white water-lily that blooms on the wave!
The sweetest and purest that nature e'er gave,
It lifts its pale brow from the breast of the stream,
And its golden eye kindles at morning's first beam,
When tempest-clouds gather and break in the sky,
And the dark tide quivers and wildly sweeps by,
It smiles on the waters, the fierce winds that blow,
For the lily is anchored, fast anchored below.

O, would that my bark on life's tremulous sea
Might sleep on the billows, sweet lily! like thee,
Unscathed by the rage of the tide and the storm,
Whose fury ne'er shatters thy beautiful form.
Firmly anchored below, I could smile at the strife
That troubles the skies and the waters of life;
Like the pride of the streamlet, exultingly brave
The shock of the tempest, the wrath of the wave.

APRIL.

The April days! the April days!
They are the days for me,
And this the breeze that round me plays
So pure, so soft, and free.

Now life o'er nature's death prevails,
And, 'neath its magic sway,
She flings aside her shroud, and hails
Her resurrection day.

The earth, that icy winter chilled,
A living spirit warms;
And e'en the realms of air are filled
With life in varied forms.

O! other months to me are dear,
Glad May and sunny June,
When nature's music greets the ear
In more harmonious tune.

But yet the brooklet's merry song,
  The wild bird's from the bough,
Will never sound the summer long,
  As they are sounding *now*;—

And flowers in soil more verdant nurst,
  That coming months may bring,
Will never charm me like the *first*
  That wreathe the brow of spring.

The April skies! the April skies!
  How beautiful are they,
When swift-winged clouds this moment rise,
  And pass the next away;—

When here her curtain darkness holds
  O'er heaven's pure azure sea,
And there, from out its gloomy folds,
  The sunlight flashes free.

'T is sweet to see the shadows fly;
  But yet I think it strange
That *I* should love an April sky,
  Who am averse to change:

But nature hath her charms in this
  That o'er regret prevail,
For ere we mourn the scene we miss,
  A brighter one we hail.

But, O the showers! the April showers,
  The pearly drops that fall
So freely on this world of ours,
  I love the best of all.

Each hill puts on a vernal crown,
  And forest, vale, and plain;
For spring's most radiant gifts come down
  With April's gentle rain.

The sun, so glorious and so bright,
  That 'mid the drops appears,
Is like religion's cheering light,
  Through sorrow's falling tears:—

And earth, that drinks heaven's bounteous cup,
  And blooms in every place,
Is like the drooping heart waked up
  To life, 'neath showers of grace.

O, spring! who givest April days
  So very dear to me,
Among the poet's sweetest lays
  Is ever one for thee.

And ye, who seek the green hill's brow,
  Or tread the valley's sod,
At nature's shrine adoring now,
  O worship there her God!

'THEY SHALL PERISH, BUT THOU SHALT ENDURE.'

The sun shall perish; the golden sun,
Who rideth forth like a conquering one,
Flinging his beams from the arching sky,
As he proudly sweeps through the realms on high;
But the day shall come, when the sun no more
His glorious rays on the earth shall pour,
For men to a greater light shall bow,
The sun shall perish, but O, not thou.

The moon shall perish; the soft, sweet moon,
The radiant queen of the midnight noon;
A gloomy veil shall her brightness shroud,
And pass not off as a fleeting cloud,
Of a darker hue and a wilder form
Than the sable pall of the angry storm,
Hiding the light that she gives us now,
The moon shall perish, but O, not thou.

The stars shall perish; the countless stars,
That traverse the sky in their silvery cars;
From the first that burns when the sun goes down,
To the last that lingers in night's bright crown;

They all shall fade as they fade at morn,
When the red east tells that the day is born;
They all shall pass from the heaven's blue brow,
The stars shall perish, but O, not thou.

The sea shall perish; the deep, wide sea,
With its waves careering wild and free;
She scorns the wrath of the storms of air,
She gilds her foam with the lightning's glare;
But the day of a mightier storm draws nigh,
Whose scorching fire shall her caverns dry;
Each drop that lies in her proud depths now,
Ay, all shall perish, but O, not thou.

The land shall perish; the mighty land,
The towering mount, and the desert sand,
The fertile plain and the fruitful field;
The flowers that blossom, the trees that yield;
And stateliest temples and towers shall fall,
And the wild moss creep o'er their ruined wall,
Cities and thrones old time shall bow,
All that is mortal, but O, not thou.

Roll on, ye years, in your swiftness roll,
He lives, whose breath is a mortal's soul;
He lives enthroned in his might sublime,
The Lord Jehovah, unchanged by time.
O, great Creator of earth and skies,
'T is on thy mercy our hope relies,
Worms of the dust at thy feet we bow—
Heaven, earth may perish, but O, not thou.

THESE ARE THEY WHO CAME OUT OF GREAT TRIBULATION.

Revelation 7: 13, 14.

WHO are these in robes of white,
  Round the great Eternal's throne?
On their brows a seal of light,
  Chanting with celestial tone;
'Glory, glory to the Lamb!
  Blessing to the King of kings,
Honor to the great I Am!'
  Every tongue with rapture sings.

These are they who once below,
  Perished in the martyr's flame;
Bade their blood for Jesus flow,
  Dying, triumphed in his name.
These are they whose lives were crowned
  With religion's holy zeal,
On the torturing rack who found
  Peace their murderers could not feel.

These are they who cheerful dwelt
  In the desert and the cave,
Where the love of God they felt,
  Where they drank salvation's wave.
These are they who bore the cross
  Meekly, and with willing feet,
Counting all but heaven as dross,
  Deeming death for Jesus, sweet.

Oft their faith the brightest showed,
  'Mid the world's increasing gloom,
And their path with glory glowed
  As they journeyed to the tomb.
Heavenly hopes devotion fired,
  Tuned to rapture every tongue;
Heavenly zeal their souls inspired,
  Fear and doubt aside were flung.

Thus they sojourned here, till death
  Set them from affliction free;
Ever, to their latest breath,
  Mighty God, adoring thee.
Now around thy throne they dwell,
  Ne'er to suffer want and pain;
Hark! their songs triumphant, swell,
  Worthy is the Lamb to reign.

Thou dost lead these faithful ones
  Through thy vast celestial realms,
Where beat down no scorching suns,
  Where no raging storm o'erwhelms.
Where eternal beauty reigns,
  And purest crystal waters bound,
Sweetly flow o'er swelling plains
  With immortal verdure crowned.

There the wicked vex no more,
  And the weary are at rest;
Persecution's reign is o'er,
  Love and peace fill every breast.
Lo! they are the conquerors now,
  Once the victims of the sword,
And their haughty murderers bow
  To the strong arm of the Lord.

Thou dost wipe away the tears
  Gently from the mourner's eyes,
For the blight of pain and years
  Give the bloom that never dies.
God of mercy! may we so
  Share the blessings of thy love,
As thou art our all below,
  Be our all in heaven above!

THE SUNLIGHT OF HOME.

How beautiful! how beautiful!
  The sunlight of our homes,
Ere death, with pinion wild and dark,
  To dim its radiance comes;
Ere fade the flowers affection twines,
  And one by one depart
The rays of that sweet star, that shines
  The brightest on the heart.

Whene'er the wanderer turns his feet
  To seek his native glen,
It flashes forth a welcome sweet
  To those he loves again.
It cheered him oft when far away
  In other climes alone,
From palace proud or humble cot,
  But ah, 't was not his own.

He heard the merry laugh ring out
  Oft as he passed them by,
And saw upon the happy hearth
  The red fire blazing high;

It woke a yearning in his breast,
  Until he ceased to roam,
And then it quickened every step
  That brought him nearer home.

Thanks be to God who gave it us,
  He is a God of love;
For O, he made it like to that
  Which gilds the home above.
It is so pure and glorious,
  And lighteth up the heart
With such a joy they scarce can bear,
  Who love it, to depart.

'T is beautiful! 't is beautiful!
  This sunlight calm and bright,
Ere death's dark pinions o'er it sweep
  Like shadows of the night.
But oft there comes a cloud, to dim
  The radiance of its bliss;
O! is there one that ever wept,
  Who hath not wept for this?

But though so often sorrowful
  Our dwellings are below,
The purer, brighter homes of heaven
  Above, are never so.
There, loved ones meet and part no more,
  And sing the same sweet hymns;
The dark and fearful wing of death
  That sunlight never dims.

THE NEW YO
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There's grief among the sons of song
They mourn a fallen gent

I. E.

STANZAS

TO THE MEMORY OF

MARGARET M. DAVIDSON.

Fling o'er the lyre a faded wreath,
  And bid the voice of song
Be mournful as the winds that sweep
  The autumn leaves along.
There's darkness where the silver waves
  Of sweet Castalia flow,
A harp is on the willows hung,
  A minstrel's grave below.

There's grief among the sons of song,
  They mourn a fallen gem;
And, O, a peerless one is lost
  From song's bright diadem;
For where, O where, was light so pure,
  So radiantly divine;
And where, O where, was loveliness,
  Departed one, like thine?

Thou wert so dear, so beautiful,
  So very young, to die;
So angel like, I would have thought
  That death had passed thee by,
And with his icy hand, forborne
  To hush thy early lay,
And cast upon thy sunny brow
  A shadow of decay.

There is a wail upon the breeze,
  And on the soft, sweet air,
A gathering round thy marble bed,
  As if to see thee there.
There is a yearning for thy smile,
  A longing for thy strain,
A list'ning for thy bounding step,
  Though list'ning is in vain.

For thou hadst learned around our hearts
  So closely to entwine,
That now that thou art gone, it seems
  As they had gone with thine.
But, O, we ask thee not again
  To tread life's path of thorns,
'T is selfish sorrow prompts the wish,
  Which true affection scorns.

There was too much of heaven in thee
  For earth to keep thee long,
And breathings of that blessed world
  Have sanctified thy song,

And wreathed around thy memory here,
  A hallowed fame and pure,
Which, like the burning stars above,
  Shall evermore endure.

Thy numbers fell upon our ears
  Like notes of starry bird,
The weary traveller oft beneath
  Some shadowy grove hath heard;
The music of a stranger dove,
  Awhile that gladdened earth,
Then spread its radiant wings, and sought
  The land that gave it birth.

While others toil till hoary age,
  To win an honored name,
A few brief years have won for thee
  A glorious meed of fame;
But, O, what is the poet's fame?
  'T is oft a fleeting breath;
And purchased by a weary life,
  Or by an early death.

He wins the favors of the world
  For sorrow to consume,
And binds his brow with laurel wreaths,
  To wear them in the tomb;
With visions beautiful and bright
  As Eden, floating by,
Or shrouded in the shades of grief,
  He lays him down to die.

His *heart* is like the harp he sweeps;
  If joy his bosom thrill,
Where'er his lot is cast, it beats
  To joyous music still;
If sadness o'er his spirit steal,
  'T is mingled with his strain,
And mournful numbers breath aloud
  That spirit's secret pain.

His is a too ambitious soul
  Of honor and renown,
And all too keenly sensitive
  To disappointment's frown.
But he who strung his spirit's chords,
  Their wondrous fineness gave,
Too brittle from the harsh world's jar
  For mortal hand to save.

The bard hath oft a longing here
  For higher, nobler bliss,
A pining for a purer world,
  A weariness of this.
'T was thus with thee, O gentle one,
  And now thou art away,
Where 'songs of other lands are heard,
  And other waters play.'

A voice was calling thee to join
  A holier minstrel throng;
A kindred spirit led the way
  That oft inspired thy song.

Thy seraph sister welcomed thee
  To yon celestial choir,
And taught thy trembling hand to sweep,
  Like hers, a golden lyre.

And now thy dust so beautiful
  In earth's green bosom lies,
Thy *memory* in these hearts of ours,
  While thou art in the skies.
Thy memory! O, a deathless one,
  And glorious here is thine,
For love and fame shall ever seek
  And hail it as a shrine.

Farewell! for us sweet hope shall rear
  Her altar on thy tomb,
And burning there celestial fires
  Shall scatter all its gloom;
Farewell! for I can sing no more,
  No more to me is given,
The harp is far too earthly here
  To sweep for thee in heaven!

PRAY, MARINER, PRAY.

When the proud ship scuds thro' the glittering foam
Of the billows that break on the shores of home,
And the lands most dear in the distance lie,
Dim through the tears of the straining eye,
As borne o'er the breast of the deep away,
The loved thou leavest, pray, mariner, pray.

When the Sabbath morn on the waters breaks,
And their distant roar as an anthem wakes,
What though the courts of the house of prayer,
Thou canst not tread with a hallowed air,
On the ocean's breast on the sacred day,
To the ocean's God, pray, mariner, pray.

When the storm is loud, and the night is dark,
And the strong waves dashing against thy bark,
Sweep helm and stern in their wild career,
And waiting graves in their track appear,
On her deck, all wet with the scattered spray,
Kneeling in terror, pray, mariner, pray.

When the storm is o'er and the night is past,
And the spell of peace on the deep is cast,
And the morning sun with his flaming eye

Flings golden beams from the cloudless sky,
And the good ship speeds on her watery way,
Gratefully bending, pray, mariner, pray.

When the angel death with his icy dart,
The life-blood chills in a messmate's heart,
And he coldly sinks to his unknown grave,
The dark, deep depths of the ocean wave,
As thou lookest down on his shrouded clay,
Passing forever, pray, mariner, pray.

When the tempter comes with his fatal snares,
And the foaming cup that his hand prepares,
Seek not his joys, for they bring but woe;
Quench not thy thirst in the sparkling flow
Of his poisonous draught, O dash it away,
For strength to resist him, pray, mariner, pray.

When the Spirit of God, in its own sweet tone,
Whispers of bliss to thy heart unknown,
That the cross of Christ, with its glories bright,
Can gild the shades of thy soul's dark night,
Yield up thy all to his sacred sway,
Mourning thy follies, pray, mariner, pray.

Would'st thou moor thy bark in a port of peace,
When the last wild tempest of life shall cease,
With a shout and a song triumphant land
On the heavenly Eden's glittering strand?
Here must thou seek, on thy perilous way,
A passport to glory; pray, mariner, pray.

THE GRAPES AND THE STREAM.

O'ER a stream a vine was bending
With its purple burden low,
While its shadowy leaves were blending
With the silvery water's flow;
This, the haughty grapes addressing,
Murmured words of scorn and pride,
Deeming scarce to man a blessing,
Fresh and pure the lowly tide.

'Puny stream! that idly flowest
On, to hide in yonder sea,
Lost forever where thou goest,
Lightly mortals think of thee;
We, in golden goblets flashing,
Deck the monarch's banquet board,
Thou, adown yon wild rocks dashing,
To oblivion art restored.

'Oft we moisten lips of beauty,
Drown in gladness sorrow's tear,
Nerve the soul to might and duty,
Banish every coward fear.

Man, of us, with rapture speaketh,
  Yonder cometh, still the same,
Puny stream! not *thee* he seeketh,
  'T is to bear *us* hence to fame.'

Answered thus the stream, replying
  To the children of the vine,
'Pain and death concealed are lying,
  Neath your gift, deceitful wine.
Ye have slain a countless number,
  Hosts no mortal tongue can tell,
Wakened from a dreamless slumber
  To the bitterness of hell!

'In the monarch's glittering chalice
  Ye may pour your crimson flood,
'T is no tongue of idle malice
  Whispers you like human blood;
That, on health and strength presuming,
  Ye, whose sweets tempt mortals so,
Young and old alike are dooming,
  To the deepest depths of woe.

On their heads who bliss shall borrow
  From the charms that in you blend,
Heavy with eternal sorrow,
  Shall the curse of God descend.
While earth's wiser sons and daughters
  Here who quaff *me* from the sod,
Rise to drink celestial waters,
  Flowing from the throne of God!'

DARK, GLOOMY THOUGHTS STEAL O'ER MY SOUL.

Dark, gloomy thoughts steal o'er my soul,
  And hope's bright visions fly,
Thoughts like the stormy clouds, that roll
  Across a sunny sky.

No peaceful waves are sweeping o'er
  My bosom's troubled sea,
But there a thousand waters pour
  Tumultuous, wild, and free.

The aims so late with zeal pursued,
  Their gilded charms have lost;
These, once with sweet delight I viewed,
  But now have learned their cost.

My soul hath turned away from him
  Who all her peace hath given,
My lamp of faith is burning dim,
  That lights my path to heaven.

The Saviour's face no longer wears
  The gracious smiles it wore;
The Saviour's cross no longer bears
  The glories once it bore.

O! I have loved thee, earth! too well,
  Thy frail and fleeting toys,
But now I break thy sinful spell,
  And grasp immortal joys.

I may not from thy bonds be free,
  But unto me is given
To feed my soul with less of thee,
  And more, far more, of heaven.

O that my soul could thither glide,
  And upward freely soar;
Could spread her earth-dimmed pinions wide,
  And bend them down no more!

O, that she now might quench her thirst,
  Where heavenly waters rise,
Where purer, sweeter fountains burst,
  Eternal, in the skies.

Immortal minds must ever feed
  Upon immortal fruits,
And those are death's, are death's indeed,
  That grow from earthly roots!

ASSURANCE.

That I am thine, dear Jesus, thine,
  The sweet assurance give;
Submissive to thy will divine,
  Henceforth on earth I live.

O, let me feel that I am bought
  By thy redeeming blood,
That thou hast my salvation wrought,
  And made my peace with God!

O, let me see that I may claim
  Some portion of thy love,
Till burns my heart with sacred flame,
  Enkindled from above.

Grant that my feet may never stray
  In folly from thy side,
Instruct me in the heavenly way
  To where the blest abide.

My thoughts that clung in days gone by
  To earth's delusive dreams,
Now heavenward, upward e'er shall fly,
  And feast on nobler themes.

A purer bliss than earth affords,
  My longing soul shall fill,
Obedient to thy sacred words,
  And set to do thy will.

United evermore to thee,
  On thee my hope relies,
Thy glory all my aim shall be,
  Till summoned to the skies.

O, banish every doubt and fear,
  To heaven thy cross I bear;
Thine, joyful in assurance here
  Of dwelling with thee there!

TO THE SPIRIT OF SONG.

O! WHERE art thou straying, sweet spirit of song?
Bend hither thy beautiful wings;
And the strains of my harp shall thy praises prolong
As I waken its slumbering strings.

Say, where hast thou roamed since I summoned thee last
From the realms of thy wandering free,
The radiant spell of thy presence to cast,
O'er the path of a mortal like me?

Hast thou mused on the shore of the tremulous deep,
In the lap of the rosy-lipped shell,
When the foam sparkled bright on the waters asleep,
As they rose in their stillness and fell,—

Or the storm-god swept in the wild-wind's car,
O'er the breast of the quivering main,
As she echoed the roar of the thunder far
In the glare of the lightning's chain?

Hast thou entered the realms of the spiritless dead,
  To mourn in their solitude drear?
Sad tears for their early departure to shed,
  Sweet spirit, to thee who were dear;

Who welcomed thee once as I welcome thee now
  To bring from the harp sweeter tone,
Ere the laurel leaf withered on youth's sunny brow,
  And the lyre hung deserted and lone?

Thou wilt grieve not for these, O spirit of song,
  Though the lips that invoked thee are cold,
And the shroud round their dust hath been mantled so long,
  Undisturbed in its marble-like fold.

They welcome thee now in a purer abode,
  From their earthly enthralments set free,
And their hearts, that once here with thy purity glowed,
  Hold nearer communion with thee.

Hast thou followed the footsteps of beautiful spring,
  With life the still earth to endow?
For meadow, and forest, and valley loud ring
  With strains of glad melody now.

I hear thee! I hear thee! when evening's soft
breeze
Or morning's cool zephyrs sweep by,
Thou 'rt 'mong the green boughs of the shadowy
trees,
Or where the bright flowerets lie.

No voices are echoed through nature's wide realms
Of majesty, gladness, or glee;
When the peaceful sky smiles, or the tempest
o'erwhelms,
That are caught not, O spirit, from thee.

Bend hither, bend hither thy radiant wings,
And give to the harp a sweet tone,
O! fan with thy pinions its slumbering strings,
Till the music it pours is thine own.

LINES

WRITTEN ON REVISITING A FAVORITE HILL,

A YEAR FROM SEPTEMBER, 18—.

A YEAR ago! a year ago,
Old hill, I climbed thy brow,
But bearing not the heart of woe
That beats within me now!

The blossoms of my summer bowers
Lie withered 'neath my tread;
I care not for the faded flowers,
My heart is with the dead.

The dry leaves of the forest, fall
So late with beauty crowned;
The greenwood's mantle, like a pall,
Lies on the chilly ground.

Rude is the breeze that hurries by,
  And mournful is its tone,
As on it beareth nature's sigh
  For brighter seasons flown.

The time has been when scenes like these
  Before my pensive view,
My spirit seldom failed to please,
  The while they saddened too.

And this is all; the time *has been*—
  I am still true to thee;
But *thou*, old hill, canst ne'er again
  Be what thou wert to me.

Though stranger feet ere long shall press
  This hallowed turf of thine,
I *know* I cannot love thee less
  Than when I called thee mine.

But round thee hovers now a gloom,
  It meets me every where,
And whispers of the silent tomb,
  And one who slumbers there.

'T is not the gloom the passing year
  Flings over nature's face,
O, would that only such were here
  In this deserted place.

Ah! no, 't is not her dying breath
That saddens thus my mind,
It is the gloom the feet of death
Have darkly left behind.

'T is for no changes *here* I mourn,
Though sadly they have come;
'T is for the greater, which have torn
A cherished wreath of *home!*

O, Time! the shadow of the wing
Is dark, that beareth thee;
Alas! that e'er thy flight should wring
Such bitter tears from me!

TO A DOVE.

'O! that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest.'

Beautiful dove! O, beautiful dove!
Emblem of purity, peace, and love!
O for thy wings to mount and fly
Away, away in the azure sky!

The gentle breeze of the balmy even
Should bear me up to the stars of heaven,
To the shining plains of the spirit-land,
Where angels wander, a sinless band;—

Where never is spoken a farewell word,
And the voice of sadness is never heard;
Where swiftly roll the unnumbered years
Untouched by sorrow, undimmed by tears.

Where rest is found for the sons of clay,
From the fair-haired child to the pilgrim gray;
And peace, sweet peace, for the troubled soul,
That shrinks from sin and its base control.

I long to be free from a sphere like this,
As open before me such scenes of bliss;
The world is bright to us mortals given,
And beautiful too, but it is not heaven!

It seems to whisper of pale decay,
And to write on its glories, 'passing away;'
And the wounded spirit oft vainly grieves
For hopes laid low like the autumn leaves.

At morn we gaze on a cloudless sky,
At eve the storm in its wrath sweeps by;
Thus rise the tempests of life's dark way,—
Exposed to their fury, why wish to stay?

Earth's charms for a moment the soul beguile,
But ah! they are nought to the Saviour's smile,
Nought to the joys unstained by sin,
The ransomed soul through the cross may win.

Beautiful dove! O beautiful dove!
Emblem of purity, peace, and love!
O for thy wings to mount and fly
Away, away in the azure sky!

With a song of triumph sweet and loud,
I'd dip my wings in the snow-white cloud;
No fetters of earth should bind those wings,
Or stain with the hues of earthly things.

But yet, the world I may not forsake,
Ties bind me here that I cannot break,
And sweetly fall on my raptured ear
The tones of the voices I love to hear.

And home! dear home, and its quenchless joys,
And love, that love of the world destroys;
And scenes, though sullied by many a stain,
Still call me back to the earth again.

But soon shall the waiting angel bring
My summons home to my Saviour, King;
Then will I soar, from earth set free,
Beautiful dove! like thee! like thee!

'I WILL GIVE MYSELF UNTO PRAYER.'

To prayer! to prayer! the tempter's hand
  Hath spread a net to lure my feet;
Would'st thou, my soul, his might withstand?
  O hie thee to the mercy-seat.
Pour forth in earnest tone thy voice,
  And ask for aid on suppliant knee;
Then in thy Maker's grace rejoice
  O'er sin, that hath not conquered thee.

To prayer! to prayer! the church of God
  Is slumbering o'er her toil forgot,
While stalks her direst foe abroad,
  And weaves destruction's fearful plot.
On many a lofty wall and tower
  The watchman's warning trump is dumb;
Wake Zion, wake, for in this hour,
  Thy king to judgment forth may come.

To prayer! to prayer! from o'er the sea
  Where grossest errors hold their sway,
Comes back the heathen's earnest plea
  For tidings of salvation's way.
Who from these ranks of ours shall go,
  A guide to brighter worlds on high;
Would'st thou thy duty, Christian, know,
  Lift up thy voice, Lord, is it I?

To prayer! to prayer! the world around
  Hath evil hid in every place,
And feet are treading holy ground
  That came not there through paths of grace.
In Israel's army many fight
  With carnal weapons in their hands,
And where her watch-fires fling their light,
  Ofttimes the prince of darkness stands.

To prayer! to prayer! the time draws nigh
  When ye shall cease to toil and pray;
The angel's trump shall sound on high,
  And men to judgment pass away.
Church of the living God! arise,
  And do thy Master's holy will;
Plead for his grace with tears and cries
  Till every promise he fulfil.

THE GREENWOOD DEPTHS.

O! the greenwood depths are beautiful,
  When the tall and stately trees,
In the summer's radiant foliage clad,
  Are swayed by the passing breeze.

I love them best in the evening hour,
  When the silver moon pours down
A flood of light, from her censer bright,
  On the shadowy forest's crown.

The soft breeze moans thro' the rustling trees,
  And the silvery brook afar,
With a glad, clear tune, like a bird's in June,
  Leaps on where the rushes are.

The cricket chirps in the old stone wall,
  Where the velvet mosses grow,
And the earnest voice of the katy-did
  Responds from the turf below.

O! tell me not of the loneliness
  Of the wood, nor call it drear,
For a thousand, thousand living things
  To gladden its depths are here.

Some pass me by on their pinions light,
  Through the trackless realms of air,
And some repose on the bending flower,
  Their couch in its blossoms fair.

Some hide in the twisted, grass-grown roots
  Of the lofty oak or pine;
And some in the bark of the old fir trees,
  Which the ivy tendrils twine.

And the answering echoes of my soul
  Go forth at each joyous tone,
Which the humblest, tiniest creature pours
  In a language all its own.

O! greenwood depths! ye are beautiful
  In the summer evening hour,
And this wondering soul of mine ye thrill
  With a strange enchanting power.

Nay, tell me not of the crowded halls,
  They are solitude to me;
And the sweetest notes of the harp are nought
  To the tones of nature free.

A TRIBUTE TO MY FATHER.

SPEAK to me, Father! by thy side
  In agony I stand,
And on thy cold and marble brow
  I lay my trembling hand.
O give me back but one fond word
  For these I freely pour,
Unclose those sealed white lips of thine;
  My Father! speak once more!

Thou canst not: wildly rings my voice
  Through this deserted room,
Where evening shades are mingling fast
  With death's still darker gloom.
Thou heedest not my presence here,
  Chained to this fearful spot;
And the white drapery o'er thee flung,
  Thy bosom heaveth not.

Thou canst not speak: down to thy lips
  In vain my form I bow;
Ah! if thou could'st, how would I plead
  For thy forgiveness now!
As memory's glowing light dispels
  The shadows of the past,
And errors, like some storm's dark clouds,
  Come rising thick and fast.

The sound of childhood's distant mirth
  Is echoing in mine ear;
The tones of those, my Father, once
  To thee who were so dear.
But drearily rings out their joy,
  'T is sad to hear their glee;
For, O, they reck not of the change
  That death hath wrought in thee.

They have been here and gazed awhile
  Upon thy breathless clay,
Till awed by death's dark work they stole
  With noiseless steps away;
They turned in silence from the scene,
  A wondering heart to bear,
They knew thee not in thy cold sleep,
  There was no *father* there.

How strange the contrast, as they stood
  A moment by thy side!
Swift through their youthful veins swept on
  Life's warm inspiring tide;
The roses bloomed upon their cheeks,
  That health's bright fingers twine;
The blood lay frozen in *thy* veins,
  The *lily's* hue was thine!

They turned away; and O how soon
  Their sorrow was forgot;
But ah, this transient April grief
  Is childhood's envied lot.
And it is well they lightly feel
  The change that lays thee low,
Blest are they in their fleeting grief,
  Alas! mine is not so!

Now youth and opening manhood come
  The mourner's tears to shed,
Hush! 't is the *fatherless* who weep
  Around the silent dead.
Ay, fatherless; for he who lies
  So statue-like and still,
No more the honored place of sire
  To these dear ones shall fill.

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And who is she with faltering step,
  Who draweth nigh the bier,
Whose smitten heart pours freely forth
  Its bitter waters here?
She, who hath trod, my sire, with thee,
  Life's path in hope and love,
Left in her loneliness below
  To weep for thee above.

How will she miss thee from her side
  As days shall come and go,
And hours that once to thee were given
  Hang heavy, passing slow.
How will she listen for thy step,
  Look for thy well-known face
And greeting at the social board,
  In thy familiar place!

How shall we miss thee every where, —
  At morn, and noon, and eve, —
How desolate will be the home
  Thou art compelled to leave.
How vainly for thy coming, oft
  Shall our young spirits yearn;
Alas! who goeth to the grave
  Can never back return.

They leave thee now; and dies away
  Each sob, and sigh, and moan,
And the wild music of my harp
  Is echoing here alone.
I did not dream, when last I woke
  Its melody in glee,
The next should be a requiem strain,
  A dirge, a dirge for *thee!*

How swiftly pass these moments by,
  So sad, and yet so dear;
They are the last that I shall spend,
  My father, with thee here.
The grave shall shut thee from my view,
  And darkness o'er thee fling,
And from thy burial sod, the flower
  And bending grass shall spring.

But see, methinks thy bosom heaves
  Yon white robe gently now,
And hues of life steal swiftly o'er
  Thy pallid lips and brow!
Ah, no! 'tis but the feverish dream
  Of my distempered brain,
Death's cold embrace enfolds thee still,
  The dead move not again.

And hark! the tramp of heavy feet
  Warns me I must away,
They come to fit thee for the tomb,
  In all its dread array.
I leave thee here, — no more, no more
  On thy dear face to gaze, —
O, memory! grasp his image now,
  To bear through coming days!

* * * * * *

'T is done, my father! thou hast left
  Forever thine abode,
The fireside, and the shrine that late
  With home's bright sunshine glowed.
Thou hast departed, but O not
  As oft for many years,
The hearse bears thee before us now,
  We follow on in tears.

Slow moves the funeral train along
  By hill and field, whose sod,
At morn, or noon, or dewy eve,
  Thy feet have often trod;
O! how these scenes familiar bring
  The quick tears to my eye,
And wound anew my anguished heart, —
  Joy! we have passed them by!

Hark! hark! there strikes upon mine ear
  The church-bell's heavy toll,
Is it for thee its solemn notes
  In mournful cadence roll?
Oft have I heard the sounds before —
  So measured, sad, and slow;
But, O! they never, never brought,
  As now, such utter woe.

That thou art gone, forever gone,
  The thrilling music tells,
And every breeze that hurries by,
  The echo louder swells.
Not on thine ears, my father, break
  The burial knell's deep sounds;
Thou heedest, hearest nought, within
  The coffin's narrow bounds.

Now draw we nigh the place where earth
  Receives her sacred trust,
Where mouldering clay sleeps undisturbed,
  And dust returns to dust.
Through the still regions of the dead,
  A weeping train we pass,
And trembling feet press heedless down
  The long untrodden grass.

Is this dark cell, my father, *this*
  Thy only dwelling now?
Art *thou* a tenant of the tomb,
  A dreamless sleeper, thou?
And must we leave thee here, where love
  May no fond tributes bring;
Where home's glad light can never shine,
  Nor home's sweet voices ring?

Must we depart, and leave thee here
  In this deserted spot,
Among these shrouded coffined forms,
  Who see thee, hear thee not.
They will not welcome thee, alas!
  There are no greetings here;
The dead can give not smile for smile,
  Can shed not tear for tear!

They are thy mute companions now,
  These children of decay,
And thou art slumbering in their midst,
  Thyself as mute as they.
In days gone by, their friendship words
  Oft in thine ear were breathed;
Ay, for with some thy trusting heart
  Affection's garland wreathed.

Crushed is that garland, and those words
  Lost in oblivion's tide;
And here, where thou hast followed *them*,
  We leave thee by their side
And pass away, — O! *now* we drink
  Affliction's bitterest wave,
And feel her keenest agony, —
  We leave thee in the grave!

But peace, be still my murmuring heart,
  Deem not the promise vain,
The resurrection morn *shall* break,
  The dead shall rise again!
And thou shalt come, my father, forth
  Triumphant from the tomb;
Thy long unconscious dust, receive
  Immortal life and bloom.

Farewell! till then we give thee up;
  His holy will be done,
Who sent to thee his angel, death,
  Thou dear departed one!
A little while, and we who weep
  E'en as thou art shall be.
O, *who* of *us* shall *first* put on
  The shroud, to sleep with thee!

What shall separate the Disciple of Christ from his Love?

TRIBULATION — say, canst thou
From the love of Christ divide,
From his path, I travel now,
Turn my feeble feet aside?
Bitter woes and pangs of thine
May with keenest anguish wring,
Yet to Christ this soul of mine,
Thou shalt but the closer bring.

Persecution — fierce, severe,
From the blessed Saviour's love,
Canst thou fright my spirit here,
That hath treasured all above?
Comest thou by fire or sword,
I can meet and smile at thee;
Mine, the strong arm of the Lord,
Thou canst never conquer me.

Famine — with thy fearful train
  Of those horrors none can tell,
Is thy dreaded might in vain
  Here to break love's sacred spell?
Lo! on heavenly bread I feed,
  Never shall I faint and die;
'Tis my life, and life indeed!
  Famine, I thy might defy.

Peril — on the raging deep,
  Canst thou shake my trusting soul,
When the wildest tempests sweep,
  And the highest billows roll?
Hark! my Saviour's voice I hear,
  Hides not night his glorious form;
He is nigh, and doubt and fear
  Vanish with the dying storm.

Powers of earth, and powers of hell,
  Ye can ne'er my soul divide,
By temptation's wrath or spell,
  From the love of Him who died.
Death will but the firmer make
  Ties that never can be riven;
Joy! for then my soul shall take
  Wings, to sing that love in heaven!

GRAVE OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.

A CHIEFTAIN'S grave!
Deep in the wildwood—lonely, dark, and drear—
A red man of the forest slumbers here;
Whose arm the death-blow gave,
In savage might, to many a pale-faced foe,
Whose dust alike lies in the green earth low.

Meet burial-place
Is this for one like him who fills it now,
Beneath the dark shade of the hemlock's bough;
The pine trees interlace,
Shutting out all the life-like glare of day,
Save here and there a faint and fleeting ray.

The night dews fall,
And fill till, eve returns, the pale flower's cup,
Save when the bee the pearly draught drinks up,
Where the green moss her pall
Of shining velvet fondly strives to spread
O'er the hushed relics of the mighty dead.

The silver stream
Winds thro' the dell, with softly murmuring sound,
As though the spot were consecrated ground;
And the fleet wild deer seem,
While hurrying by the undisturbed retreat,
To press the soft, greensward with lighter feet.

On the still air
Ring out no joyous voices; seldom heard
Is the sweet strain of bright-eyed beauteous birds,
And flitting unaware
Thither, the golden butterfly turns back,
Till the warm sunshine cheers his gloomy track.

The sheltering vine,
A shadowy arch high o'er the sleeper weaves,
Of purple fruit, mingled with broad, dark leaves;
And its fond tendrils twine
Around the cold gray headstone, as it stands
Rude monument reared by unskilful hands.

The breezes change
Their glad, light tune to one of mournful note,
As o'er the warrior's resting-place they float
Through the tall, stately range
Of trees, whose dark boughs, sweeping to and fro,
Make dirge-like music for the dead below.

Far distant roars
A mighty cataract, furious waters form;
Like the hoarse mutterings of some coming storm
Its wrathful thunder pours:
But all unheeded; like sound's feeblest breath
Fall the loud echoes on the ear of death.

Springs come and wane,
And summer gales, scent-laden, rustle by;
Green leaves, bright flowers 'neath autumn's cold touch die;
And snow, and icy rain—
Stern winter's gifts—fall on the charnel-spot
Of the dead chieftain, but he marks them not.

O! can it be,
That he who fills this lowly burial-place,
Was the proud leader of the mighty race,
That roamed unchecked and free
Through the deep forest, o'er the wide-spread plain,
Children of nature, owning but her reign!

First in the fray,
Bravest among the brave in wildest strife,
Last to desert the field with slaughter rife,
Mighty in council day,
Pouring in savage ears the soul's deep strains,
Was he of whom, but dust, mute dust remains.

Strong is thine arm,
O death! from life's gay, busy realms, to bear
Down to the grave's lone darkness and despair
Proud man; and swift to calm
The wild, high beatings of his feverish heart,
Is the cold anguish of thy fearful dart.

The dust is thine, —
Heaven's is the spirit, — and the lofty name
It leaves behind, perchance in lists of fame,
Enrolled shall brightly shine,
Till Time's dark hand, of future moments born,
Blots out the record frail — then all is gone.

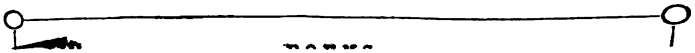
Sleep! chieftain, sleep,
While yet thou mayest, for the white man's plough
Shall soon the smooth turf where thou restest now
Rend, furrowing deep;
And, from the levelled forest's bosom riven,
Heave up thy relics to the glare of heaven!

ABBOTSFORD.

It dawned on our vision, a beautiful spot,
The home of the poet, the dwelling of Scott;
And we thought, as we entered its precincts profound,
We were treading where genius had hallowed the ground,
And the tiniest wild-flower that sprang at our feet
Seemed blooming with fragrance more sacred and sweet.

'T was a quaint massive building, yet stately in form;
Though rude, it was noble, with naught to deform;
And many a turret reared graceful and high
Its storm-beaten brow to the blue-arching sky;
The gate of Old Tolbooth was hung in the wall,
And the marble dog Maida guarded the hall.*

* The strong iron portal of the old Tolbooth Jail, so renowned in the 'Heart of Mid Lothian,' was presented to Sir Walter Scott, and by him firmly secured high up in the stone-work of the outside of his house, where it may still be seen. The statue of Maida, a favorite dog of the Poet's, finely sculptured in marble, seems guarding the entrance.



ABBOTSFORD.

It dawned on our vision a beautiful spot,
The home of the Poet, the dwelling of Scott.

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We entered with feelings that deepened to awe,
As the treasures the bard had collected we saw;
There were knights in their armors and battle array,
But the lord of their castle was silent as they;
There was many a relic, all rusty and old,
Yet dearer by far to *his* spirit, than gold.

But, O! not a sight to our eyes was so dear,
Or woke as a tribute a holier tear,
Than the room which they sought with a softlier
tread,
And whispered, the way as they thitherward led:
'T was there that the poet had wielded the pen
That made him immortal forever with men.

It stood as the bard had deserted it last,
And the spell of his presence seemed over it cast;
There had naught been removed from its sacred
repose,
The hand not a volume had dared to unclose;
The table, the footstool were standing, and there,
All empty beside them, his *favorite chair!*

'T was here that his spirit held, purely and free,
Her closest communion, sweet fancy, with thee;
'T was here for the highland, and here for the plain,
And the silvery lake, that he warbled a strain
No child of Old Scotia will ever forget,
For her blue hills are full of the melody yet.

We had gazed on the seat where, in days of renown,
They brought to the monarch his sceptre and crown,
Where great men had lingered and warriors bled;
But, O! not a charm on the moment was shed
Enchanting as that which our fond bosoms thrilled
As we gazed on the *chair* which the minstrel had filled.

Sweet Abbotsford! home of the Poet! to thee
Our spirits oft rove in their wanderings free,
And radiant scenes in the vision appear
To fond recollection still sacred and dear;
But, O! we have treasured as holiest there,
That *dim-lighted study*, that *favorite chair!*

SING NOT TO ME THAT SONG AGAIN.

Sing not to me that song again,
  I heard it long ago;
And she who sung me last the strain
  Lies in the churchyard low.

Her voice I never can forget,
  I loved its tone so well;
Its sweet enchantment lingers yet,
  Break not, break not the spell.

The shades of eve were falling fast
  On floweret, shrub, and tree,
And twilight's veil was o'er her cast,
  Who sung that song to me.

The sounds upon the soft, still air,
  Rose like a swelling tide;
Then, borne by breezes sweeping there,
  Far in the distance died.

I stood beside her, and the light
  Of hope was on her brow;
For life too fair, for death too bright,
  But, O! where is it now?

I knew not why, for there was nought
  To make me else than glad;
But while my ear her music caught,
  My heart grew strangely sad.

Ah! little then I dreamed, that ere
  My riper years should come,
I o'er her grave should shed a tear,
  And sigh for her at home.

For soon disease stole o'er her frame,
  And life's bright fountains dried;
Heaven's angel with the summons came,
  The loved musician died.

But I again shall hear her sing,
  Shall see her form again;
And sweeter shall her music ring,
  And holier be her strain.

O! oft do those we love, awake
  Melodious music here;
Then earth's frail cords asunder break,
  And seek a purer sphere.

And when we hear those songs again,
  Though many years have fled,
Fond memory wakens with the strain
  The image of the dead.

It bids our mourning hearts rejoice,
  And chilled affections warm;
We start to hear a stranger's voice,
  And see a stranger's form.

Thus is it when those numbers flow,
  There comes before mine eyes
One whom I cherished once below,
  But now above the skies.

I cannot bear to have my heart
  The sweet illusion feel,
Then writhe 'neath disappointment's smart,
  Unwelcome truths reveal.

Then hushed, O let that music be,
  I heard it long ago;
And she who woke it last for me
  Lies in the churchyard low.

When coming years have passed, and lain
  A blight on memory's brow,
O! I may love that song again,
  I cannot hear it *now!*

Then bending his elbows hangs over his book
With a muttering tone and a half sullen look.
When the invalid sits in his pillowed chair,
And his limbs are braced by the fresh pure air,
And the hue of health o'er his pale cheek steals,
And his dim eye lights with the joy he feels.
O! well do I love thee, beautiful June!
The sweet, sweet harps which thy minstrels tune;
Though other months may the bosom thrill,
As I love thee now I will love thee still.

THE RUINS OF CRAIGMILLAR CASTLE, SCOTLAND.

Tell us, lonely ruin, tell —
Where are those whose footsteps fell
Once upon thy mouldering floors,
Entered once thy hingeless doors?
Monarch, minstrel, monk, and lord,
Champion of the spear and sword,
He who filled the wine-cup high,
Dreamed not man was born to die?

Can'st thou give no answer? Lo,
Yonder graves triumphant show,
Where have gone that mighty train,
Who shall ne'er return again.
Youth's fresh beauty, manhood's prime,
Faded at the touch of Time;
These, in sternly withering, he
Left *thee* not unscathed and free.

On thy damp and blackened wall
Spreads the moss her velvet pall;
And thy battlements are drest
With the waving ivy's crest;
In thy courts where bloomed the rose,
Now the grass untrodden grows;
Peeping from its tufts between
Oft the timid hare is seen.

Lonely ruin! warning thou,
That the sons of earth must bow
Meekly to their mortal doom,
Children of the shroud and tomb;
And to gorgeous piles, that rise
Near thee, towering to the skies;
Ruin, thou dost seem to say,
Ye like me shall pass away!

SEMPER EADEM.

SEMPER EADEM — always the same,
  Say, is it so with thee?
Will others never the true love claim
  Thou sayest thou hast for me?

When far away from the voice, that now
  Falls soft on thy gentle ear,
Will never be broken the friendship vow
  Thou hast breathed so often here?

When hope shall smile and her flowers upspring
  In beauty around thy path,
And stern adversity turns his wing
  Aside in his softened wrath;

And envy pours in thy captive ear
  A false but a honeyed song,
Shall affection's bonds be riven ne'er
  That have bound our hearts so long?

And when old Time in his onward track,
With his pinions fleet and free,
To the scenes of thy childhood brings thee back,
Wilt thou then still faithful be?

If change have come o'er the golden dream
Of thy early by-gone days,
Say, O say, wilt thou still esteem,
Where nought may be left to praise?

Shall I find thee then the same, the true,
As in years forever gone;
When our love no blight and no coldness knew,
And our friendship had no thorn?

O, yes! for I cannot false believe
The words which thy fond lips speak,
Though the words of mortals oft deceive
When they be not few or weak.

Though the tones of others soft may fall
On my ear, yet treacherous be,
And their hearts prove faithless, one and all,
I can have no fears for thee.

Truth's seal is bright on thy open brow,
And the world shall dim it never;
As thou art Semper Eadem now,
Even so shalt thou be forever!

NINE O'CLOCK.

'T is nine o'clock! 't is nine o'clock!
  The distant bell is ringing;
Its music from the village spire
  The winter wind is bringing.
'T is nine o'clock! 't is nine o'clock!
  Away with books and papers;
Heap ashes on the blazing turf,
  And quench the burning tapers.

'T is nine o'clock! the husbandman
  Is dreaming o'er his labors,
And long ere this hath said 'good night'
  To all his drowsy neighbors.
His faithful dog with cautious step
  Around the house is howling;
As watching ceaselessly he hears
  The stealthy robber prowling.

'T is nine o'clock! the city fops
  In lighted halls assemble,
Or seek the crowded theatre,
  And welcome Fanny Kemble;
Or greet with rapturous applause,
  Mazeppa's wondrous prances;
Or hail the stage, illumined, where
  The 'Angel Essler' dances.

O, foolish love of foolish fame,
  O, strange infatuation,
That woman e'er should thus degrade
  Her nature's noble station;
That man, the image of his God,
  In such a cause should cheer her,
Disdaining those superior charms
  Alone that should endear her.

'T is nine o'clock! impatient clerks
  A thousand keys are turning,
With hearts for merry 'fracases,'
  All through the evening yearning.
And to and fro move on the crowd,
  With elbows sharply nudging,
And rosy-cheeked apprentice girls
  By scores are homeward trudging.

The loafer hopes to rest his limbs
  Where none may roughly handle,
His downy couch the cellar door,
  The moon his silver candle;
He hears the coming watchman's step,
  But slumbers o'er the warning,
While 'Charley' kindly makes his bed
  The watchhouse floor till morning!

'T is nine o'clock! the weary muse
  Is nodding o'er her numbers,
As if she fain awhile would lose
  Herself in gentle slumbers.
Parnassus' ever rugged heights
  Have stretched their chasms wider;
Pegasus roams at large, for, lo!
  The steed hath lost his rider!

'T is nine o'clock! they say that sleep
  Will overcome the senses,
And oft a wakeful man subdue,
  In spite of all defences.
It must be so, for o'er me fast
  I feel it coming —— stronger.
To bed! I'll torture poetry
  To-night, at least, no longer!

TO A BLIGHTED OAK.

UNCLAD as in the wintry days
  Upon the green hill's brow,
Oak! mighty oak of many years,
  Say, wherefore standest thou?
Thy kindred rear their crested heads,
  In summer's bloom arrayed,
And cast upon the flowery turf
  Beneath, a grateful shade.

The wild bird warbles forth her strain
  From out their sheltering leaves,
And in the clefts of mossy limb
  Her tiny dwelling weaves.
Not on thy branches drear and bare
  She folds her joyous wings,
Not from thy bosom, lonely oak,
  Her song melodious rings.

A few brief months have wrought a change,
  A mournful change in thee,
And shorn thee of thy loveliness,
  Thou smitten forest tree.
Thou had'st a lofty tribute once
  From every passer by;
But now the traveller heeds thee not,
  Or gives thee but a sigh.

Whence came this change? the lightning's flash
  Scathed not thy glorious form,
Here hast thou battled many years
  Successful with the storm.
The chilling snow, the driving hail,
  Gave not thy fearful blight,
Nor strong winds hurled thy giant boughs
  Down from their dizzy height.

'T is not that spring, while passing by,
  Forgot to waken thee
From wintry slumbers, when she roused
  The field, and flower, and tree.
They sprang to life beneath her touch,
  And broke their icy chain;
But though she lingered by thee long,
  Thou would'st not bloom again.

'Tis not the ruthless axe hath sought
  To stretch thee on the soil,
But wearied left thee in the midst
  Of half completed toil.
No; in thy oaken bosom lies
  Thy secret of decay,
The fell destroyers lurk within,
  That gnaw thy life away.

The voice of summer calleth thee
  To bud and blossom now,
And gentle zephyrs softly sweep
  Along each leafless bough.
This beauteous world of ours is wreathed
  In vernal bloom and smiles,
But, ah! thy lonely barrenness
  The lovely scene defiles.

I would that thou had'st died, old oak,
  I would that thou had'st died,
Smote by a fiery bolt from heaven,
  E'en in thy strength and pride.
For thou art like, all, all alone
  In blighted hope and bloom;
The heart that loves not, is not loved,
  And only waits the tomb.

THE WORLD OF THE REAL.

The world of the real, the world of the true,
The path that leads hither my feet would pursue;
There tears never fall from the sorrowing eye,
Nor cherished hopes blossom to wither and die.

There friendship ne'er gathers the mouldering rust
Of soul-chilling absence or colder distrust;
But glows with a bright and a beautiful ray,
Whose lustre fades never, no never away.

There treachery comes not to wound with her thorn,
Nor penury shrinks from refusal and scorn;
But truth standeth forth in her purity free,
And wealth is as boundless and deep as the sea.

There darken the woes of captivity never,
All fetters are broken, and broken forever;
They hear not the clanking of tyranny's chains,
Where freedom, sweet freedom, eternally reigns.

No sin ever enters that region sublime,
By strife undisturbed, unpolluted by crime;
The righteous are ne'er by the wicked distressed,
And the feeble and weary are gathered to rest.

They hollow no graves in that beautiful sod,
By the feet of the mourner its turf is ne'er trod;
The quivering lip never utters farewell,
For the sorrows of parting the bosom ne'er swell.

Life never grows weary with years and with care,
Tho' they are immortal whose dwelling is there;
The ages unnumbered, as onward they roll,
Are ever increasing the bliss of the soul.

That world is not ours, that world is not ours;
There are clouds with our sunshine and thorns with our flowers;
Hopes brightest deceive, and ties dearest are riven,
Earth is the *ideal* — the *real* is heaven.

THE MINSTREL AND THE WARRIOR.

THUS the lyre a minstrel sweeping,
  Charmed a youthful warrior's ear;
Woke the love of glory sleeping,
  Bade him scorn affection's tear.

Haste thee, warrior! haste to glory,
  'Mid the battle's mighty throng;
Lo, thy valor burns in story!
  Lo, it fires the poet's song.

Cast no lingering look behind thee,
  Mount thy steed, away! away!
Let yon quailing legions find thee,
  Foremost in the fearful fray.

What though lone thy bride may languish?
  Absence presence more endears;
Stay not for a fleeting anguish,
  Tarry not for woman's tears.

Seal her lips with love's sweet token,
  Seal them till thy proud return;
Gloomy words those lips have spoken,
  Glory's wreath have bade thee spurn.

Warrior! would'st thou find it ever?
  On the plain it waits thee now;
In thy mountain-castle never
  Shall its beauties gild thy brow.

Mid the smoke that shrouds the battle,
  Ever must that wreath be sought;
Where yon flashing weapons rattle,
  Is the shining trophy wrought.

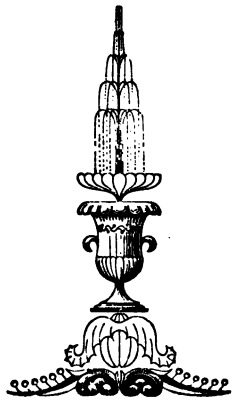
When the morrow spreads her pinions,
  Let the ruby wine be poured;
Thou, the pride of Spain's dominions,
  Thine, the victor's festal board.

Hark! the battle trump is sounding;
  Press thy spur and loose thy rein:
Hosts thy standard proud surrounding,
  Wait thee on the crowded plain.

Hark! the cannon's awful thunder
  Echoes to the vaulted sky;
Mail-clad ranks are rent asunder,
  Baffled foes unnumbered fly.

Haste thee, warrior! haste to glory,
  Mid the battle's mighty throng;
Lo! thy valor burns in story!
  Lo! it fires the poet's song.

Thus his zeal the minstrel heightened,
  Fired for glory's fleeting breath;
Evening faded, morning brightened,
  Sang the bard the warrior's death!



THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

Slow waned the day; the southern sun went down,
Without one cloud to borrow or to dim
His dying splendor; and the evening breeze,
Shedding sweet odor from her viewless wings,
The grateful floweret on her pathway flung,
Swept to and fro, and stirred the rustling tops
Of the wide rice fields, laden with the fruit
Of human toil, exacted 'neath the bonds
Brothers on brothers, in their impious might,
Have dared impose.

A weary slave, bent o'er
His daily task, stood up erect, to gaze,
A few brief moments, on the glorious scene
Of eve, triumphant o'er departing day.
Sad thoughts stole o'er him, thoughts of far off lands,
More beautiful and bright than aught spread out
Around him; and whose fresh, sweet memory

Long years of bondage, deprivation, woe,
Had failed to dim; but oh! how many suns
Rising had seen him exiled and in chains,
And left him as the last was leaving then.
More painful grew his musings, and his soul
Breathed heavier sighs; while down his sable cheeks
Tears, bitter tears, in rapid silence rolled.
O'ercome with anguish, on the warm, soft earth
His form he threw, and from his hand dropped down
The implement of toil; while blessed sleep,
Folding her noiseless pinions on his breast,
Brought brief forgetfulness of earthly woe,
Hopeless and deep.

Then treacherous Fancy came,
To paint in life-like colors, all too true,
The glowing landscape of his Afric home.
The bright-shelled beach, the rugged rocks, the hills,
The palmy groves, where spicy breezes play,
And golden sunbeams flicker, and rich fruits,
Hanging profusely from the bending bough,
Tempt the parched lip to press their cooling rind.
The flowery fields, the proudly winding Nile,
The lofty mountains and the desert sands,
Which here and there a burdened camel trod;
But most of all, the rude yet peaceful cot,

Where dwelt in *freedom* all he loved on earth.
Joy thrilled his breast, joy long unfelt, unknown;
For these he deemed as real, and his years
Of bonds the offspring of a mocking dream,
Roused from whose spell, he paced exultingly
The ocean shore, bearing his fisher's net;
And poured his spirit forth in stirring words,
As if 't were fearful but to dream of chains.

Joy! joy! for I am free!
Free as yon mighty waves, that proudly sweep,
Up-rising from their caverns dark and deep,
Far o'er the swelling sea.
From strand to strand, unfettered, on they roam, —
I, too, am chainless in my native home.

Free as the air I breathe,
That from yon waste of waters, cool and fresh,
Is softly stealing o'er my feverish flesh,
My brow, whose brain beneath
Late reeled with visions of terrific things,
Whose fearful echo in my ear still rings.

I own no ruler, save
The God who made this vast and beauteous world,
And freedom's banner o'er its realms unfurled,
That long hath ceased to wave;
Where dark oppression rears her pennon high,
Blood-stained and dire beneath a Christian sky.

The past! what hath it been?
A troubled sleep, whose dream of terror still
Would fain with horror my bold spirit fill;
That scorns remembrance e'en,
Of aught that but in fancy dared to bind
The godlike mansion of the godlike mind.

I dreamed that late I saw
My own loved cot in ruins, and the light
Of lurid flames disclosed, O God! the sight
Of bleeding bodies; for
Avarice and death had my sweet home defiled,
Slaying the mother with her helpless child.

I dreamed that white men bore
Me from my native land, as some rich spoil,
Far o'er the ocean, doomed a slave, to toil
Upon a foreign shore:
A slave, and yet a man, 'neath man's control;
With all his pride, ay, more, with all his soul!

I dreamed the loathsome scourge
Fell on my frame, and, oh! the pangs it wrought!
'T was not the pain, — the agony it brought
Was great, yet failed to urge
Like *shame* the passions in my breast that slept,
To life and light so wildly then that leapt.

I dreamed this neck of mine,
These hands, these feet, were heavy, and with what?
Chains! forged and riveted by fellow mortals! but
Freedom, O soul, was thine,
Sending up cries for heaven's avenging rod,—
Judgment and justice from the living God.

But the dark scenes have fled;
Hushed is the tumult late my breast that swelled;
Broken the bitter cup, that fancy held
Long to my lips; the dead,
The cherished dead, are living, and I bow
To the strong arm of no oppressor now.

Hark! hark! the winding shell,
Deep in the bosom of yon shadowy groves,
Where by his fitful torch the fire-fly roves,
And birds bright plumaged dwell,
Calls me: I go; the loved wait there for me,—
Begone, foul dream! we yet are safe and free.

Forth leaped, loud answering to the summons sweet,
Fancy's deluded victim; light as one
Who treads on air, the smooth and shining sands,
The rugged rocks, old ocean's bounds, were left
Far, far behind him; and the palmy groves
Drew nearer, whence the winding shell gave out

Still louder music; when strange weakness seized
Each straining limb, and o'er the glorious goal
Of hope's aspiring, love's unwavering aim,
Gathered dark mists, darker than night's own gloom.
The struggling spirit chafed, and strove to pour
New life and vigor through the failing frame,
But vainly; and the scene around seemed changed,
All, all unlike his own bright, beauteous land.
Strange sounds fell on his startled ear, and jarred
His feverish brain; 't was not the voice of love,
Home's thrilling welcome; not the silvery tone
Of ocean shell, that soft, sweet music wakes.
A voice, where had he heard it? in his dream,
His wild, dark dream, rang in his ears again,
The voice of him whose heel hath trodden down
God's noble image in the grovelling dust
For gold, cursed gold: a hell-born lust demands,
'Up, up! base dog! what! darest thou to sleep,
Sleep at thy toil, a slave! Ho! up or die!'
Then through the circling air was loudly heard
The shrill, sharp music of the sounding lash,
Descending swiftly, while its victim raised
Up to his brow his fettered hand, to shut
Out from the soul the still imagined scene.
That fettered hand! the clanking of the chains
That bound it, roused to life the slumbering soul,
Till in its burning agony it cried,
As stern reality flashed lightning-like

Upon the mists of sleep, that rolled away,
'O, God! to dream of freedom, and to wake
In chains!'

It was too much; the spirit broke—
Maddened by anguish, goaded by despair—
Its bonds of clay; and soared on freedom's wings,
Rejoicing up to freedom's glorious land,
The land of heaven; while at the oppressor's feet,
Mangled and bleeding, lay a fettered corpse!

PRAYER AT SEA DURING A VIOLENT STORM.

The night was dark, the storm was loud,
  The wind went wailing by,
And many a wild and fearful cloud
  Swept o'er the starless sky.
Around our bark huge billows rolled,
  That tossed us to and fro;
And flung, with fury uncontrolled,
  Afar their foam of snow.

And booming o'er the waters came
  The thunder's heavy roar,
As lightning like a sheeted flame
  Flashed the wide ocean o'er.
Fear, like an icy torrent, swept
  O'er many a mortal form;
And haughty spirits bowed and wept,
  To hear that awful storm.

Rocked on the bosom of the deep,
  To ocean's God we prayed,
Who hushed a wilder sea to sleep,
  That fiercer storms had made;
He sent his angel down, to calm
  The tumult of our souls;
And bid us feel that nought could harm,
  Where God himself controls.

O, it was joy to feel, that He
  Watched o'er that sea of foam;
That 't was not there our graves should be,
  Afar from friends and home.
Would that our hearts might ne'er forget
  The sweet assurance given,
Till death's cold waves our lips shall wet,
  And earth is changed for heaven!

O 't is a blessed thing to pray,
  'Mid pain, and fear, and strife;
It brings us down the brightest ray
  That gilds the gloom of life.
No chill hath fear, no pang hath woe,
  For hearts of faith and love:
Who hath no tongue for prayer below,
  Hath none for song above!

DEATH OF A MISSIONARY.

THERE comes a cry from a foreign soil,
On the spicy breezes sweeping,
For death has darkened a field of toil,
And finished another's reaping.

Among the first in the faithful band,
With her precious sheaves around her,
And the keen-edged sickle in her hand,
At her Master's work he found her.

She held it firm in her ceaseless clasp,
Till her labors all were ended,
Then laid it down, with a shout, to grasp
The crown which her Lord extended.

There comes a cry o'er the swelling wave,
And the breath of bitter sighing;
For a throng are pressing around the grave,
Where a stranger's dust is lying.

They tell of the deeds the stranger wrought,
  In her heavenly love and kindness;
They tell of the lamp of life she brought
  To the heathen's world of blindness.

They tell of the glorious cross they greet,
  She reared in that land of sorrow,
Where the guiltiest souls find pardon sweet,
  And the saddest, comfort borrow.

They tell of the freedom that cross reveals
  To their weary, sin-bound nation;
Of their idols crushed 'neath the mighty wheels
  Of the car of Christ's salvation.

They mourn, that her kindred were not nigh
  When the death-stroke came to sever;
That only *one* for the dim, dark eye
  Could weep, as it closed forever.

For a *mother's* hand, that softly smooths,
  For the loved, the dying pillow —
And a *sister's* voice, that sweetly soothes,
  Were far o'er the heaving billow.

Well may they weep, — for it was for these,
  Who whisper in tears her story,
She crossed the foam of the raging seas,
  A herald of life and glory.

She came to tell to that strange, dark land,
  Of His love who hath sweetly won them;
To link their hearts to the Christian band,
  With the seal of the Lord upon them.

And now the praise of her God is sung,
  And his sacred ties are cherished,
Where the chant of the senseless idol rung,
  And the living victim perished.

But the voice that spake shall speak no more,
  In its tone of triumph swelling;
For the wail, that echoes from that wild shore,
  Of the heathen's loss is telling.

Rest, loved one, rest, for thy work is done,—
  Go, dust, to thy dreamless slumber;
Mount, soul, to the crown and the white robe won,
  And the bliss of the sainted number.

And ye, whose sorrow hath wrung your hearts
  Till your tears like rain are falling;
Know ye, when the child of the cross departs,
  It is at the Master's calling?

What though not back o'er the ocean tide
  She came, to her home's glad greeting;
The doors of a *brighter* opened wide—
  And she waiteth *there* the meeting!

CHILDHOOD'S SLEEP.

SLEEP on in innocence, fair child!
  Its seal is on thy brow;
Sleep with a spirit undefiled,
  For this thou bearest now.

Thy busy thoughts are far away
  In some familiar scene;
And thou art by the brook at play,
  Or on the hill-side green.

The woes and cares of coming years
  Will bring thee many a night,
When thou shalt wet thy couch with tears,
  And long for morning light.

But now, ere those dark hours draw nigh,
  Enjoy thy peaceful rest;
No tear-drop in thy half-closed eye,
  No sigh within thy breast.

O, beautiful is childhood's sleep,
  And golden dreams it brings;
When guardian angels vigil keep,
  And fold their shining wings.

But far more beautiful and pure —
  In childhood's opening bloom,
From all the woes of life secure —
  The slumber of the tomb.

The frame that hath with anguish striven,
  That sleep forever calms,
While the young spirit wakes in heaven —
  Wakes in the Saviour's arms.

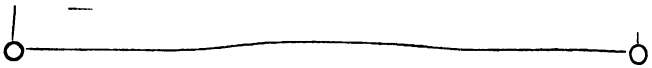
TO THE MOON.

Thou peerless queen of the shadowy night,
Ride on in thy beautiful car of light;
Mid the envious clouds that around thee fly,
And transiently darken the star-lit sky.

What various scenes hast thou witnessed here,
While gazing down from thy shining sphere,
With a pitying eye, on the fleeting bliss
And mocking hopes of a world like this!

Thou hast gazed on many a city's rise,
Proud Rome, 'neath the smiles of Italian skies;
As her sages' lore, and her warriors' skill,
Made monarchs bow to her sovereign will.

Now dost thou look on her walls, defiled
With the moss of age and the ivy wild;
Where the fallen domes, and the halls of mirth,
Are crumbling back to the dust of earth!



Corbould del. G. Pelton Sc.

And many a spirit has passed away
From its earthly bonds in the moonlight ray

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Thou art unchanged by the hand of time,
In every age and in every clime;
And canst not share in the swift decay
Of the transient works of the sons of clay.

Oft hast thou gazed on the battle plain,
The mangled forms of the graveless slain,
And many a warrior's broken lance
Hath brightly glittered beneath thy glance.

And far away on the mighty deep,
When the treacherous billows seemed to sleep,
Hast thou seen proud vessels in safety glide,
Then, foundering, sink in the foaming tide.

No piercing cry 'mid the whirlpool's roar,
The chill night-breeze o'er the waters bore;
Cold fell thy light on the parted wave,
That rolled o'er the slumbering seaman's grave.

Oft thou hast illumined the ancient tower,
The grass-grown courts, and the silent bower,
The mouldered arch where the night-bird sings,
And spreads to the breeze her dusky wings.

The lonely moor, and the mountain side,
And the peaceful hamlets scattered wide,
The dew-bright turf of the flowery vale,
Where the fairies dance till the stars grow pale.

And thou hast entered the darkened room
Where beauty fades in its freshest bloom;
And silvered awhile the pallid cheek,
And snowy brow of the sufferer, meek.

Beguiled for a moment the languid eye,
As, veiling thy brightness, the clouds sailed by;
And many a spirit has passed away
From its earthly bonds with the moonlight ray.

Oft dost thou gaze on the church-yard drear,
The chambers of death, so lonely, cheer;
Perchance thy radiance scatters the gloom,
That darkly o'ershadows each narrow tomb.

Ride on, ride on, in thy glittering car,
And kindle anew each silvery star;
Till the works of nature herself decay,
Till the heavenly orbs shall vanish away.

When the world we inhabit all desolate lies,
The children of God to his presence shall rise;
No more shall we need thee, thou beautiful one,
Nor thy conquering rival, the glorious sun!

Beams fairer than thine shall illumine the heaven,
The beams of a morning that knows not an even;
And the ransom'd shall worship the mighty 'I Am,'
Redeemed from his wrath by the blood of the Lamb.

I COULD NOT DIE REMOTE FROM HOME.

I COULD not die remote from home,
  E'en had I high renown,
Or were I 'neath a palace dome
  Upon a bed of down.

Were strangers' faces hovering nigh,
  That stranger tones revealed,
'T would be a double death to die,
  A double life to yield.

One accent of my *mother's* voice,
  One glimpse of those I love,
Would make my mourning heart rejoice,
  And cheer my flight above.

I could not break, as thousands break,
  Life's golden bowl, alone;
The world and all its scenes forsake
  For realms unseen, unknown.

I could not fall, as thousands fall,
  Upon the field of death;
Mid battle din, and trumpet call,
  Resign my trembling breath.

I could not rest, as thousands rest,
  Whose clay the deep embalms;
Who yield their life on ocean's breast,
  And slumber in her arms.

I could not die, as thousands die,
  Unknowing and unknown,
Nor would I have my ashes lie
  Beneath some stately stone.

The chisel might my name engrave,
  The age I, dying, bore;
The spot, some lofty tree might wave
  Its massive branches o'er.

The polished slab might rear its form,
  Admiring eyes should see;
The tree survive the wintry storm —
  What would they be to me?

For, O! affection's sacred tear,
  The loved of early days,
Oft gently sheds, with heart sincere,
  The proudest pile outweighs!

But such may ne'er for me be shed,
  Yet only these I crave,
When numbered with the sleeping dead
  Within the gloomy grave.

For, O! the thought torments me yet,
  The thought I cannot bear;
The friends I love may soon forget
  Whose ashes slumber there!

SUMUS ANIMÆ—WE ARE SPIRITS.

We are spirits! we are spirits!
In this world of real things;
To the mortal part that holds us,
Every day new changes brings.
Every act the soul is proving,
Fettered by its earthly shell;
Ever striving, onward moving,
To the land where spirits dwell.

We are spirits! we are spirits!
Yet our nature who hath told?
Vain for this the noblest reason,
And the richest lore of old.
Vain for this the bard's sweet numbers,
Other themes his harp may sound;
Here, alas! its music slumbers,
Hushed to silence most profound.

We are spirits! we are spirits!
And in rapture or in woe,
Linked by friendship's ties together,
On the march of life we go.

Oft aside in error turning,
  Blinded, O how grossly now,
Though the seal divine is burning
  Brightly on the human brow.

We are spirits! we are spirits!
  Formed to weep, and weep in vain;
For the things we love that perish,
  Never to return again.
Longing for earth's fleeting pleasures,
  Grasping flowers that fade in bloom;
Hoarding frail and worthless treasures,
  But to leave them at the tomb.

We are spirits! we are spirits!
  Wandering at our Maker's will;
He whose breath our breath imparted,
  Watches o'er his creatures still,
Till this frame of dust he moulded
  Frees its tenant, heavenly born,—
In the shroud lies hushed and folded,
  For the resurrection morn.

We are spirits! we are spirits!
  Fettered, earth, awhile by thee;
Death alone, our Father's angel,
  Sets us from thy bondage free.
To the land of spirits flying,
  Then our God our fate shall tell;
Living at his voice, or dying,
  Endless heaven is ours, or hell!

A WOUNDED SPIRIT, WHO CAN BEAR?

O 'T IS a weary, weary thing
  To bear a wounded heart,
When friendship's hand that wound hath caused,
  Its keen and cruel smart,
And dashed to earth in one short hour
  A chalice of its bliss;
Nay, tell me not of other griefs,
  There is no grief like this!

I care not for the chilling words,
  From stranger lips that spring,
I care not for the shafts of scorn
  That angry spirits fling;
Or for the stern reproof deserved
  Upon my ear that falls;
But cold indifference, this, O *this*,
  My spirit e'er appalls.

For when the warm and gushing fount
  Of love's pure tide is stayed,
And on affection's cherished wreaths
  A blighting hand is laid;
When those we long and dearly prized
  Have pierced the bosom deep;
The cruel stroke who would not mourn?
  The wound who would not weep.

But yet the loved are precious still,
  I cannot such forget;
The memory sweet of other days
  Deep in my heart is set.
For hearts were faithful, lips were true,
  In younger, other days;
With all the gentle confidence
  That childhood e'er displays.

O thou who here didst often bleed
  With keenest, deepest woe,
Why should thy followers e'er expect
  A brighter lot below?
Teach me to bear the cruel wounds
  By faithless friendship given;
For *thou* art true, art true indeed—
  And *thine* are true in heaven!

STANZAS

Written on being prevented by illness from attending upon public worship.

I SEE them as they move along
  Toward the house of prayer;
A solemn, yet a happy throng,
  And those I love are there.
But I — why do I linger so?
  That path I oft have trod —
Alas! to-day I may not go
  With them to worship God.

I may not kneel where they shall kneel,
  Or pray where they shall pray,
And hear the voice of music steal
  My soul from earth away.
I may not there an offering bring
  To thee, my God, to thee;
Nor bid my spirit heavenward spring
  On faith's own pinions free.

There shall they break the bread divine
  Upon the hallowed board,
There shall they pour the sacred wine
  In memory of my Lord.
Ten thousand lips this day partake,
  And God's rich grace adore,
But not for me the bread they break,
  Not mine the wine they pour.

Ah, no! these joys shall not be mine,
  My soul with rapture thrill;
But shall my spirit dare repine
  That 't is her Master's will?
For though remote from his dear saints,
  For whom I vainly sigh,
Beside the couch of my complaints
  The Lord himself is nigh.

Yes; thou art here, my life, my all!
  Thy presence fills the place,
And sweetly on my spirit fall
  Rich dews of heavenly grace.
And here, O holy Lamb of God,
  I can remember thee;
And e'en in this, thy chast'ning rod,
  Thy love and mercy see.

To Miss E. A. W.

When radiant morn to life awakes,
And leaves her shady bowers,
And with her rosy finger shakes
The dewdrops from the flowers;
When countless minstrels sweetly sing
Wide o'er the earth in glee,
And gayly plume their freedom wing—
My heart is still with thee.

When gently dies the weary day,
And shines the evening star,
As twilight flings his mantle gray
O'er hill and dale afar;
When strife and tumult sweetly cease,
From toil and care set free,
My spirit hails the blest release—
My heart is still with thee.

When gladness crowns my flow'ry path,
  And lights the heart I bear,
And not a grief my spirit hath,
  Or one corroding care;
As deep I quaff the cup of bliss,
  The sweetest poured for me,
Thy gentle voice, thy smile I miss —
  My heart is still with thee.

When adverse tempests' chilling rain
  Beats harshly, coldly down,
And cherished hopes prove false and vain,
  And changeful fortunes frown;
Firm as a rock 'mid ocean waves,
  Thy hallowed memories be —
Thy sympathy my spirit craves,
  My heart is still with thee.

In joy or sorrow, bliss or woe,
  Whatever lot be mine,
Thy image e'er shall brightly glow
  Within my spirit's shrine.
Though distance holds me far from thee,
  Communion sweet is given,
O, heart to heart on earth we 'll be,
  And face to face in heaven!

THE YOUNG SWISS MINSTREL.

She came from sunny Switzerland,
  The beautiful, the wild,
But dreary in its loveliness,
  To her, an orphan child;
Her home was once a joyous home,
  Where love held gentle sway,
But death had made it desolate,
  And bore its life away.

Her father left his happy cot
  When morning tinged the skies,
And perished in the chamois chase,
  Where many a hunter dies:
For when the dews of evening fell
  On mount, and lake, and plain;
He came not laden with his spoils,
  He never came again.

And soon beside the cottage hearth
  The mother pined and died,
And lonely was the Switzer's cot
  Upon the mountain side;
And poverty's cold, crushing hand
  Fell heavy on the child,
On whom, e'er since her birth was hailed,
  But tenderest love had smiled.

She wandered forth, her bread to win,
  Far on a foreign soil,
With none to cheer her mourning heart,
  Or bless her in her toil.
She wandered forth to sing those songs
  Which oft the bosom thrill,
And when the minstrel's voice hath ceased
  That seem to linger still.

She sang them with a sunny smile,
  As though her heart was gay,
When oft, to hide the falling tears,
  She turned her face away;
For by-gone days were then recalled,
  When, on her father's knee,
The very same within his ear
  She poured with childish glee.

Ah! little do they dream, who hear
  The wandering minstrel sing,
And idly cavil or applaud,
  And words reproachful fling;
That 'neath the joyous smile and song
  Lie sorrows unrevealed;
And 't is the greatest grief of all,
  To mock them, thus concealed.

To wear the mask of gayety,
  Its absence but to hide,
And wake sweet notes of melody,
  That in the soul have died;
O, *this* is bitterness indeed,
  And oft they feel it all
Upon whose straining ear, all words
  Save words of kindness fall.

Thus was it with the Switzer girl;
  And many a weary day,
Before the portals of the rich,
  She poured her artless lay;
The pampered menial answered her
  In tones of cruel scorn,
And bade her from the haunts of wealth
  Forevermore begone.

There came not one kind friend, to soothe
  The lonely maiden's grief,
Not one to bring her wounded heart
  A balm of soft relief;
One look from those who gave her bread,
  A word in love expressed,
Would e'er have made the gift more sweet,
  The giver doubly blest.

For sympathy will brightly gild
  Life's darkest, deepest gloom,
And bid the flowers of Hope recall
  Their long departed bloom;
And in the wanderer's cheerless soul
  A sweet remembrance shine,
Which love and gratitude shall hail
  And hallow as a shrine.

Her step grew heavier, and her cheeks
  Their fading roses lost,
And oft her young and sunny brow
  A shadow sadly crossed;
And mournfully her dark blue eyes
  The pining spirit spake,
As tremblingly she bade her harp
  Its thrilling music wake.

One eve she stayed her steps awhile,
  And sat her down and wept,
The silver stars lit up the heaven,
  And earth beneath them slept;
She marked them not, her cheek grew pale,
  Her harp slipped from her side;
And there, unpitied and alone,
  The young Swiss minstrel died!

Then came compassion's gentle aid,
  But, ah, availing nought,
As to the dying pilgrim's lips
  The cup too late is brought:
As on the parched and broken flower
  Descends the tardy rain, —
Her harp had lost its melody,
  She swept it not again!

FRIENDSHIP.

How vain are words the ties to tell,
  That heart to heart may bind;
The strange, mysterious, mighty spell
  Of mind on kindred mind.
The light that comes the soul to fill
  From friendship's altar shed,
That cheers the drooping spirit still,
  When days, ay, years have fled.

And when fate's stern and high decree
  Hath borne the loved afar,
It flashes o'er life's stormy sea
  A bright, unfailing star.
Till joined again are hearts and hands
  In bonds of earthly love,
Or in the purer, holier bands
  That bind the blest above.

And O, when death's cold hand hath torn
  A wreath of friendship here,
And on the chaplet they who mourn
  Bestow the bitter tear,
How sweetly Faith triumphant, cries,
  Exulting o'er the sod:
'Friendship is *endless* in the skies,
  With loved ones gone to God!'

MY BROTHER ON THE SEA.

The storm is raging loud to-night,
  And darker grows the sky;
And like a giant, in his might,
  The strong wind rushes by.
My heart is with the good, the brave,
  Who ride the billows free,
With one whose home is ocean's wave,
  My brother on the sea!

Would I could bid the tempest cease
  That hath the sky defiled,
And soothe to gentleness and peace
  The bitter winds and wild;
How can I bear their wrath to mark,
  That death to him may be,
A wanderer in a fragile bark,
  My brother on the sea!

We were a happy household band,
  In childhood's sunny hours;
Our pathway, Hope's own rosy hand
  Strewed with her fairest flowers.

But now a change hath o'er us passed,
  The grave hides two from me;
And far away *his* lot is cast,
  My brother on the sea!

My fancy oft recalls those days
  That vanished long ago,
And memory's light, that round them plays,
  Retains its vivid glow.
How sweet the times that were — but now
  How sadly changed they be;
I in my loneliness — and *thou*,
  My brother, on the sea!

O, is it strange that I should weep
  To hear the tempest rise;
To know that o'er an angry deep
  His rayless pathway lies?
O God! my eyes with tears are dim,
  To thee, I come, to thee;
Hear thou my earnest prayer for him,
  My brother on the sea!

Through every danger safely guide, —
  Thy watch-care round him thrown,
Grant that his bark unscathed may ride
  High o'er where wrecks are strown;
But oh, if there his own must lie,
  If there his grave must be,
Grant I may meet above the sky,
  My brother on the sea!

FIRST AFFECTION.

I *know* he loves me, for I read
  The story in his eye,
And hear it from those lips of his
  When none but he is nigh:
And I have loved him in return,
  And back to him have given
My first and dearest love, save that
  Which God must claim, and heaven.
Ah! who could help but loving *him*,
  He is so good and kind,
And has so much of nobleness
  And purity of mind;
O, I can place my confidence,
  With faith no doubt can dim,
And centre hope and happiness,
  My earthly all, in him.
But 't is around him most of all
  That my affection twines,
Because in all his deeds and words
  The Saviour's spirit shines;

What though unbidden to my eye,
  The tears will sometimes start,
To think that from my childhood's home,
  Ere long, I must depart?
It may be wrong that but for this
  My cheek is sometimes wet,
It *may* be wrong, but mine is not
  A heart that can forget,
Or leave without a sigh, the things
  It prized in by-gone hours,
And fling the joys of other days
  Aside, like faded flowers;
Ah, no! but I have won for these
  His deathless love and true,
Who will forgive my parting tears,
  Forgive my weakness too.
And I, for his sweet sake, will leave
  All that I prized before,
Nor cast one longing look behind
  On scenes my own no more.
'T is not they are less dear to me,
  For now they seem to fill
A larger portion of my heart,
  But he is dearer still.
His home must be the home for me,
  And paths untried, untrod;
His people shall my people be,
  His God shall be my God.

Life is not all a summer day,
  For wintry tempests blow,
And strong winds of adversity
  Sweep harshly to and fro:
But not for sunny days alone
  Will I become his bride,
'T is for those dark and stormy ones
  That yet may dawn beside;
'T is for those days when cares shall fling
  Their shadows on his brow,
As well as when the moments wing
  A joyous flight as now.
And oh! when cares abroad, a weight
  Upon his soul shall fall,
God grant that in his happy home
  He may forget them all:
That when the threshold of that home
  His weary foot hath crossed,
In *my* caress and welcoming
  The memory may be lost,
Of all that had the power to make
  His gentle spirit sad;
And it will be my happiness
  To strive to make him glad.
I know mine is an erring heart,
  But oh, my aim shall be
To make it worthy of the love
  He richly showers on me.

I know that he will bear with me,
My faults will gently chide,
And pardon all the waywardness
And folly of his bride;
But 't is not in my own weak strength
I pledge myself to him,
To be his own in faithfulness
Till death my eye shall dim;
O, no! I dare not think of this;
I go in strength Divine,
To tread the world's rough paths with him,
To link his lot with mine.
And 'mid whate'er of good or ill
Shall be to us assigned,
To him shall cling my spirit still,
The same sweet ties shall bind.
Death cannot part us: are we not
United, through the Son,
By the same rich immortal hopes
In our Redeemer, one?
And seek we not the same bright heaven?
O, till we enter there,
Life's joys and sorrows here below
Together we will bear.

MARRIAGE HYMN.

Now the solemn words are spoken,
  Now the marriage vow is said;
And the tie, till death unbroken,
  Binds the kindred spirits wed:
    Sacred season,
  O'er it, Hope, thy radiance shed.

Thou, who standest at the altar,
  Claiming there thy chosen bride,
In thy duty never falter,
  O'er life's stormy sea to guide:
    Be thou faithful,
  Let whate'er of change betide.

Fondly guard the priceless treasure,
  Woman's love, which thou hast won;
So thy cup of bliss shall measure
  Ever full, and over run:
    Till a purer
  Angels fill, when life is done.

Thou, from childhood's home departing,
And the loved of many years;
O'er this hour's bright sunshine darting,
Cometh grief with falling tears:
Doubly precious,
Every face and scene appears.

Oh! when far from these connections,
From this dear, this hallowed spot;
In thy spirit's warm affections,
Cherished one, forget us not:
Thou shalt never,
By us changeless, be forgot.

Go, we would not here detain thee,
Tempt thee in our midst to stay;
By our words we will not pain thee,
Duty calls thee hence, away:
Go — we give thee
All the tribute love can pay.

Fare ye well! may God's rich blessing
On ye both rest sweetly now;
'Neath his smiles all bliss possessing,
Earth on mortals can endow:
Till ye enter
Worlds where binds no marriage vow.

PRAYER FOR THE ABSENT.

Bless thou the absent, O my God! remember
  Those whom I fondly cherish far away;
Some in the season of life's drear December,
  Some in summer, and its soft spring day.
Kindly regard them, O thou Holy One,
For the dear sake of thine Anointed Son.

Bless thou the absent, when the light of morning
  Flashes in splendor over land and sea,
When, from the gorgeous clouds the east adorning,
  Breaks forth the golden sun sublimely free.
Scatter rich blessings on their devious way,
And guide their footsteps thro' the coming day.

Bless thou the absent when the eve returning,
  Summons the weary to a welcome rest;
When night's first silver star is sweetly burning,
  Gem-like and pure on heaven's cerulean breast.
Send them soft slumbers, soothing pain and care,
And let thine angels fold their pinions there.

Bless thou the absent in the hour of trial,
  Help them to battle in thy holy might;
Give back the tempter strong words of denial,
  And victors stand upon the field of fight.
Cleanse them from every earthly stain and dross;
Teach them to seek the crown beneath the cross.

Bless thou the absent in the hour of sorrow,
  When the wide world seems lonely, dark, and drear;
Rich consolation may they ever borrow
  From thine own Word, to thine own children dear.
There may each promise sweet, a healing balm,
The deep, keen anguish of the spirit calm.

Bless thou the absent! guide and guard them ever
  Thro' life, in death, and to that world on high;
Where care, and grief, and trial enter never,
  Where death itself in endless life shall die;
And the long-parted meet around thy throne,
Unknown to tears, to farewell words unknown.

THE DEAD.

The dead! the dead! I love them still,
  Though years have hurried by,
Since bending o'er the dying couch
  I caught the parting sigh;
Since I bedewed the mournful pall
  With fond affection's tear,
And sorrowed o'er the sleeping form
  Upon the sable bier.

They come to me when darkness steals
  Along the weary land,
Upon the pinions of the night,
  A dim, yet beauteous band;
They flit before me one by one,
  The tenants of the tomb,
And wearing all the robes of death,
  But bearing not its gloom.

In midnight's solemn hour, I see
  Their shadows on the wall;
And softly on the moonlit floor
  I hear their footsteps fall,—

The rustling of their silver wings
  Above my weary head;
And O, 't is sweet to sleep beneath
  The watch-care of the *dead!*

I hear them speak, in gentle tones,
  Of peace, and joy, and bliss;
The language of celestial worlds,
  O, how unlike to this!
For mingled with the friendships there,
  No sordid self is known,
And on affection's sunny track
  No shade is ever thrown.

I love the places that they loved,
  The hillside and the grove;
Where, in the quiet summer eve,
  We once were wont to rove.
Who knows but what they haunt them yet,
  And make them dear to me?
Chide not the fancy, hush it not,
  Though strange and wild it be.

There is a charm about the dead;
  It binds me to the tomb,
And to their memories who sleep
  Long years in dust and gloom.
I love the living, and I love
  When youth and bloom have fled;
And 't is affection deep and strong
  I cherish for the dead!

STANZAS,

Written on board the Steamer Britannia, June 12, 1844.

Roll on! roll on, ye giant waves,
  In grandeur fiérce and wild,—
Old ocean, though he madly raves,
  Must own me as his child.
Roll on across our liquid path,
  With hoarse and sullen roar,
And all your gathered wealth of wrath
  In whitened vengeance pour.

I am as fearless as the bird
  Who makes the wave her home,
And weaves her nest, with song unheard,
  Amid the breaker's foam;
Who boldly dips her snowy wing
  In surge as purely white,
Then soars aloft in airy ring
  With scream of wild delight.

Away! and round yon distant rock
  In stormy fury rave,
Ye may the timid landsman shòck,
  But not the sailor brave.

Our bold and gallant bark disdains
  The might of raging tides,
Swift o'er old Neptune's vast domains
  A queen, 'Britannia' rides.

She scatters from her whirling wheels
  The foam that marks her pace —
As hurls the war-horse from his heels
  The dust of battle chase.
Her canvass to the breeze she flings,
  As to the strong free air
The eagle gives his noble wings
  And leaves his mountain lair.

God shield the bark from every ill,
  And bless her faithful crew,
Her officers of worth and skill,
  Her Hewitt, brave and true;
And bless the veteran known to fame,
  Whom once the waters bore
To battle for his country's claim —
  The valiant 'Commodore!'

God bless the men and mighty lands
  The ocean rolls between, —
The President, who our's commands,
  And England's royal Queen!
May virtue each with glory crown,
  May dark oppression cease,
And cry of battle never drown
  The silver song of peace.

WE'VE CONQUERED AMERICA!

The following lines were suggested on hearing an account of a party of foreigners, who recently adopted, on a public occasion, the above sentence as their motto.

America conquered! the land of the brave,
Where the star-spangled banners of liberty wave!
And the dust of the valiant lies low in the sod,
With the altar above him, he raised to his God!

America conquered! and conquered by whom?
What steel-armored legion hath spoken her doom?
Hath England sent over her armies of pride,
And her sword in the blood of young liberty dyed?

Have the hearts of our sons from their bravery turned,
To wear the vile fetters their ancestors spurned?
Doth the star-spangled banner lie rent on the shield,
And the eagle of freedom drop slain on the field?

Not these, O not these are the conquests — the plain
Bears not on its bosom one crimsoning stain;
Yet strife there hath been, and the challenging word,
And great men have fallen, — but not by the sword.

Lo! far o'er America's beautiful soil,
Is scattered the legion who gather the spoil;
The scorned and degraded of Europe's high powers,
Their land have deserted to desecrate ours!

They come o'er the foam of the wild sweeping sea
To darken the land, the bright land of the free;
And with soul-galling shackles of bigotry, bind
The noble, the godlike, the glorious mind!

O sons of America! list to the cry,
The loud, fearful warning that rings to the sky;
Will ye bend to the yokes of a bondage so vile?
Shall idols your altars most sacred defile?

Shall foul, blackened falsehood unanswered be borne,
And *Americans* branded with insult and scorn?

Truth! where is thy shame! and Religion, thy
power!
And Freedom, thy bravery fled in this hour?

Arouse ye! arouse ye, O men of the North!
Let the South send her champions fearlessly forth,
And the East and the West, let them gird on the
sword,
And away to the strife in the might of the Lord.

Strike! strike for the country, the freedom ye
crave,
Religion, and home, and the Puritan's grave;
O fight as they fought, on the land and the sea,
And die as they died, *but in leaving it Free!*

ILLI, CUI CARMINA APPLICENT.

A son of Esculapius comes,
  I hear his chariot wheels;
The very sound my soul benumbs,
  A shiver o'er me steals.

Ye muses, aid me if you can,
  Ye sundry settled bills,
In self-defence to sing the man
  Of gallipots and pills!

Ye classic bards of olden days,
  My vacant soul inspire;
Ye smiling ghosts of comic lays,
  Awake my sleeping lyre.

Desert your graves in winding-sheets,
  Diseases, fierce and grim;
Ye aches and pains your dark retreats
  Forsake, and sing of him.

Ye memories of departed pills,
  Of bitter powders too,
Support my shrinking soul, that fills
  With horror at the view.

Ye spirits all of tuneful rhyme,
  Where'er ye chance to be,
Come, mount Parnassus' heights sublime,
  And sweep the lyre for me.

Come, sing the *Homœopathic knight;*
  Describe him, as he comes
To kindly give the aching wight
  A dose of *sugar-plums!*

Who banishes disease and woe,
  And contradicts the song,
'Man wants but little here below,
  Nor wants that little long.'

Come, sing capacious pockets crammed
  With roots the fields supply,
That in the sounding mortar jammed,
  Diseases stern defy.

The names that on his vials wrote,
  In goodly rows appear,
That choke the rude, contracted throat,
  And stun the vulgar ear.

But most of all, his awful *eyes*
  That pierce my very soul;
That scan my feelings as they rise,
  And penetrate the whole.

For eyes and '*specs*' together, strike
  The very seat of life;
And scare my timid spirit, like
  A —— keen-edged carving-knife!

But, lo! his steed is at the gate,
  And *he* is at the door;
Be steady now, my whirling pate,
  Ye shaking nerves, give o'er.

He doffs the frightful rubber coat,
  That darkly shrouds his form,
And fastened tight beneath his throat,
  Defies and scares the storm.

He leaves his cap and gloves below,
  Arise, my longest hairs!
For now, with solemn step and slow,
  I hear him on the stairs.

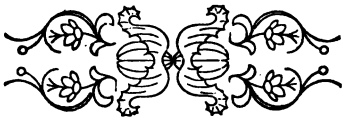
Two ponderous volumes in his hands,
  This second Galen brings,
And by the couch of sickness stands,
  A man of mighty things.

And now he reads those mystic books,
  Enlighteners of disease,
And grasps his patient's wrist, and looks
  Profound as Socrates.

Prescribes a dose, then lifts his eyes
  And fastens them on me;
My blood runs cold, my spirit dies,
  So terrible is he!

Ye pitying muses, one and all,
  That e'er on mortals smiled,
O teach me how to break the thrall,
  The spell of —— ——.

And if the task of serving you
  Apollo e'er assigns,
It shall be hers, life's journey through,
  Who perpetrates these lines.



SONNET—THE WIND.

I LOVE the music of the rushing wind,
  Harp of a thousand strings; whose wild, free song,
When ocean's waves and cliffs the notes prolong,
  Hath power in breathless awe my soul to bind.
Nor is the gentler breeze to me less sweet,
  That wafts the fragrance of the blooming flower,
And waves the green boughs in the cool retreat
  Of vine-wreathed arbor, or of wildwood bower.
To me the loud blast and the whispering breeze
  Alike are dear, for now a mood for this
My spirit hath, and now alone can please,
  Soft stealing o'er my cheek, the zephyr's kiss;
This stirs the life-stream through my breast that flows,
  That calms the strife and lulls to sweet repose.

MELROSE ABBEY.

Not by the moonlight wan and pale
  I saw thee, Melrose, fair;
Night flung not down her ebon veil
  In folds of darkness there:
The ruddy light of morning bold
Streamed o'er the ruin gray and old,

With moss that had for ages lain
  Upon thy lofty brow —
The theme of many a stirring strain,
  How beautiful wert thou!
Amid the gloom of stern decay,
Too glorious to pass away.

There was the stillness of the grave
  Within thy roofless walls,
Where brightly on the grassy pave
  The golden sunlight falls;
And many a Gothic window throws
The shadow of its sculptured rose.*

* The stone-work of the windows is so carved that it presents the appearance of a rose, where each separate piece is joined.

MELROSE ABBEY.

The ruddy light of morning bold
Streamed o'er the ruin gray and old.

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O, gorgeously the ivy weaves,
  The broken arch to hide,
A robe of dark and shining leaves,
  With fitful scarlet dyed:
The light breeze waves it to and fro,
With rustling murmur, soft and low.

Not now the monk in sable stole,
  Glides through the cloister dim,
They come not now at vesper toll,
  With prayer and holy hymn:
The chapel of the cross is bare,
And hoots the lonely owlet there.

The monarch, with his courtier train,
  The knight with flashing spear,
And mitred abbots ne'er again,
  As once shall gather here
To tell their beads, with holy sign,
Before St. David's ruined shrine.

But thou hast garnered up their dust,
  O Melrose, sad and fair;
And sacred relics are thy trust,
  And royal, slumber there.
And reverently above thy dead
The passing stranger's feet shall tread.

LINES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

LADY! fair lady! these lines shall tell,
Though I knew thee not, that I wished thee well,
As a friendship garland I sought to weave,
With a trembling hand on thy shrine to leave,
Hoping it might in thy bosom wake
One kindly thought for the giver's sake.

There 's a brilliant bow in the Christian's sky,
And its hues are all of the world on high;
It brightens adversity's clouds of gloom,
And spans the arch of the rayless tomb —
Hope's glorious token of love divine,
Lady! fair lady! this bow be thine.

There 's a star that shines on the pilgrim's way,
Lighting him on with a fadeless ray,
As he treads the plain or the mountain side,
Or stems the billows of life's wild tide,
His glittering guide to the Saviour's shrine,
Lady! fair lady! this star be thine.

There 's an arm that strengthens the fainting soul,
That strives for freedom from sin's control;
It holds it up from the depths of woe,
When the waves of sorrow its path o'erflow;
A helper in trouble — it hath been mine —
Lady! fair lady! this arm be thine.

There 's a home where the weary sweetly rest,
With a tearless eye and a peaceful breast;
They go not forth from the fireside there,
Who come not back in its bliss to share:
Death never withers the wreaths they twine,
Lady! fair lady! this home be thine.

DAVID'S LAMENTATION FOR SAUL AND JONATHAN.

Low lieth the beauty
  Of Israel now,
Darkness hath shrouded
  Her warrior's brow.
There 's a stain on her banner,
  A thorn in her crown,
A blight and a shade
  On her peerless renown:
A wail hath arisen from mountain and plain,
The mighty have fallen, the valiant are slain!

Hang on the dark willows
  The timbrel and lute,
Let the voice of rejoicing
  In sorrow be mute;
Let the land by the sound
  Of our mourning be shaken,
A dirge for the dead
  Through the wide realm awaken:
Send forth on the breezes a requiem strain,
The mighty have fallen, the valiant are slain!

The swifter than eagles
  The slowest pass by,
The stronger than lions
  All helplessly lie.
Woe, woe to the slayer,
  Accursed be the hand
That snatched for its victims
  The pride of our land:
A strength and a glory she ne'er shall regain —
The mighty have fallen, the valiant are slain!

Their sword from its scabbard
  E'er fearlessly flew,
Their bow the swift arrow
  Unerringly threw;
But their weapons unfailing
  Are flung, as though vile,
On the broken, crushed arms
  Of the massacred pile;
And their plume-crested helmets the red dust shall stain, —
The mighty have fallen, the valiant are slain!

Like the cedars of Lebanon
  Hewn in their pride,
By the blow of the spoiler
  Our noblest have died;

For a pæan of triumph
There comes but a wail,
And the flushed cheek with sorrow
Turns fearfully pale;
A host hath departed, a host in the twain,—
The mighty have fallen, the valiant are slain!

Weep, daughters of Judah!
Unceasingly weep,
As the strings of your timbrels
Ye mournfully sweep;
Hide gladness in anguish
Veil beauty in tears,
The bright hopes have perished
Ye garnered for years;
For a warrior's greeting ye tarry in vain,
The mighty have fallen, the valiant are slain!

Wreathe, wreathe with the cypress
Your dwellings of woe,
No more in the goblet
The red wine shall glow.
The step of the dancer
Hath passed from the hall,
Where the feet of the mourner
Loud echoing fall;
They have gone from the banquet who come not again,
The mighty have fallen, the valiant are slain!

THE PAINTER AND THE DEAD.

Done! I have ceased to trace
  The still, cold features of the sleeping dead;
O! I have gazed upon that soulless face,
  Till my heart quivered in its mortal dread.

The gathering shades of night
  Filled the wide room around me, and thy pall,
Unconscious slumberer, in the dim lamp's light,
  Seemed all to fix my burning gaze on, all!

Long lay the canvass stretched
  Before me, as I now beside thee stand;
And ere one lineament of thine was sketched,
  Dropped the mute pencil from my trembling hand.

How could I paint *thee!* I,
  Thy bosom friend for many, many years;
So changed before me did I see thee lie,
  Fitful and dim between my struggling tears.

I gazed; there came an hour
  Of deep, hushed thought; the tide of moments past
Rolled back upon me with o'erwhelming power,
  And by-gone memories crowded thick and fast.

I saw thee in the morn
  Of this brief life, when beauteous flowers are strown
Along youth's radiant path, that bear no thorn
  To wound the hand that clasps them as its own.

I heard the silver brook
  Go murmuring by within the forest glade;
The gentle breeze, the lofty boughs that shook,
  Till glancing sunbeams on the waters played.

I heard thy laugh ring out
  Like joyous waterfall among the rocks,
That gave thee back thine own heart-stirring shouts,
  And tone of glee as only echo mocks.

Thou didst appear, bright one,
  In all the radiance of thy spring-time bloom;
Alas! for ere went down thy summer sun,
  Death claimed that beauty to adorn the tomb.

That vision fled, there came
  Another, and I saw upon thy brow
A bright wreath wave, and at the feet of fame,
  With beating heart, the pride of manhood
    bow.

Health flushed thy cheek, the wing
  Of time came not to brush away the glow,
And dim thy full eye, whence was wont to
    spring
  The flash of rapture or the tear of woe.

No spoiler's hand was there
  To bind thy strong limbs in his icy chains,
Leave his dark signet on thy forehead fair,
  And chill the warm, fresh life-blood in thy
    veins.

My spirit, over wrought,
  Lost in the deep depths of its musings, deemed
That back to life thy marble frame was brought,
  And of thy death my brain had only dreamed.

I called thy name aloud,
  Through death's still chamber rang my voice;
    the dead
Returned no answer from the silent shroud,
  And my tongue palsied at the words it said.

I clasped thy hand; the touch
So strange, so cold, thrilled through me, and it fell
Back on thy breast; the shock was all too much,
It burst the chain of memory's mighty spell.

Then from the past I woke,
Truth flashed upon me; and the bier, the shroud,
The present's stern reality loud spoke,
And o'er thy form my anguished spirit bowed.

A moment, and I manned
My soul for its sad task, and strove to trace
Anew, but still with slow and quivering hand,
The changed, changed features of thy cherished face.

'T is o'er; my work is done;
I cannot linger, I must haste away;
Bearing faint semblance, oh! thou glorious one!
To what thou wert when life inspired thy clay.

The gloomy pall I spread
Upon thee, and in silence gathered up
Its folds about thee; — take thy rest, O dead!
I go to drink affliction's bitter cup.

I AM PASSING BY WHERE THE WILD FLOWERS BLOOM.

I AM passing by where the wild flowers bloom,
And the tall grass waves o'er a *father's* tomb;
Where the willow bends, o'er the dead beneath,
Her mournful branch like a broken wreath;
And warbling birds, with a sadder note,
On pinions light through the still air float.

I am passing by where his ashes rest,
Who cradled me once on his gentle breast;
As the joyous mirth of his prattling child
The weary hour of its care beguiled;
And he echoed back, on the breezes free,
The ringing laugh of his infant's glee.

I am passing by, but he heeds it not:
O say, is the child that he loved *forgot?*
Doth he care not now for his cherished one,
Who lingers nigh, as the setting sun
In the crimson west is burning low,
Wrapping his grave in a golden glow?

I am passing by, but he cannot hear,
For the seal of the spoiler shuts his ear;
The eye that shone with affection's light,
Is dimmed in the mists of the grave's dark night,
And the hand I clasped, as it sought my own,
Is white and cold as the marble stone.

I am passing by, and my trembling feet
Would linger long by the lone retreat,
Fain would they turn to the sacred spot
Where a father sleeps, but I bid them not;
They may not yet, for I could not bear,
To-night, the pangs of a meeting there.

I am passing by, but I cannot bring
A tribute sweet on his grave to fling,
Or the summer flowers in a garland weave,
An offering frail on the turf to leave;
The glittering hues of the blossoms fair
Would only fade as he fadeth there.

I am passing by; but O, never more
Can I tread this path as I have before;
For the shades of sorrow darken, now,
My careless heart and my joyous brow;
A *father* sleeps in this hallowed spot,
And the voice of his loved one wakes him not!

I am passing by, but it soon may be
That I shall tarry as tarrieth he;
And O, when I share in his narrow grave,
This boon from the living I fondly crave;
May ye deem the spot for *my* sake as dear
As I hold it now for my *father's*, here!

THE DEPARTURE OF SUMMER.

The summer days! the summer days!
  Oh! they have hurried by,
And faded like the gorgeous clouds
  That wreathe the sunset sky:
And the sweet birds have gone with them,
  To milder climes away;
The swallow, and the golden thrush,
  That twittered on the spray.

A cold breeze sweeps adown the hill,
  And through the vale below,
Where tall reeds rustle mournfully,
  And chilly waters flow:
And there is sadness in their tone,
  As tardily they pass,
When every night the hoar-frost leaves
  His white wreaths on the grass.

The shadows lengthen of the trees,
  That wave so free and high,
And lighter is the azure tinge,
  Of pale September's sky;

There gather dark and frowning clouds,
  Out pouring gloomy rain —
O, how unlike the summer showers,
  That brightened hill and plain.

Across the sunbeam's colder track,
  With drooping wings and slow,
The golden-pinioned butterflies,
  The summer's children, go;
They pine for her as pines a bird,
  For its own native bowers,
For there is gloom around their haunts,
  And death among their flowers.

The tiny crickets chirp a dirge
  Beneath the faded sod,
Where late the child with gleaming eye,
  And bounding footsteps trod.
No radiant gifts that once he sought
  Now lure the wanderer there,
Nor genial suns the old man draw
  Forth from his fire-side chair.

The summer flowers! the summer flowers!
  How have they drooped and died,
The last is scarcely lingering yet,
  The scarlet meadow pride,
The wild rose and the buttercup,
  The clover's honeyed blow,
The lily and the columbine
  Have vanished long ago.

No more the starwort in the wood
  Peers with its yellow eye,
Up thro' the dense and gnarled oak boughs
  To greet the summer sky;
Around the black and rugged rocks
  The slender vines still run,
True, true till death, for their green leaves
  Have fallen one by one.

And where the dry and scanty turf
  A tender race entombs,
Crowned with its fragile, downy tuft,
  The thistle wildly blooms —
The hardy thistle, and it flings
  Its small seed far and wide
Upon the autumn wind, then dies,
  As all the rest have died.

The dahlia and the marigold —
  We yet are calling ours,
But these the summer have outlived,
  And cannot be her flowers;
Else, like her own true children, they
  Had perished at her loss;
But they fling their broad leaves haughtily
  Their kindred's graves across.

O, summer! thou hast borne away
  The loveliness of earth,
And in the wood and on the hill
  Stilled nature's voice of mirth;

But things more precious than thy flowers
  Have followed in thy train,
And voices sweeter than thy birds
  I may not hear again.

It was with bitter sigh and tear
  I saw thee hence depart,
For O, I *knew* with thee had gone
  One from our home and heart;
And when thou should'st come back to clothe
  With bloom the barren limb,
And deck the earth with birds and flowers,
  Thou would'st not bring us *him*.

Farewell to thee, sweet summer! till
  Thou shalt return again
With living gifts and beautiful
  To gladden in thy train;
But O, thou loved and lost *one*, whom
  Death's waters from us sever,
To thy 'farewell' on earth is linked
  The cold, dark word 'forever!'

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR.

While to youth, and health, and gladness
  Beats the life-pulse strong and high,
While no bitter tears of sadness
  Come, to dim the beaming eye;—
Ere corroding cares, intrusive,
  Vex the soul and shade the brow,
Life's enchantments prove delusive,
  Turn to thy Creator now.

Linger not till life is wasted,
  And youth's warm affection's chilled,
Ere thy lips the cup have tasted,
  Which the grace of God hath filled;
When the grave no more at distance
  Flings its shadows damp and dim,
A frail remnant of existence
  Is no offering worthy Him.

Come, ere faithless words are spoken,
  Friends like summer birds depart,
Ere the links of love are broken
  Earth entwines around the heart;
Turn, O turn, where wreathed with glory
  Thy Redeemer's cross appears;
O'er his sweet, yet mournful story,
  Shed thy earliest, softest tears.

Come, with contrite hearts and lowly,
  Come, like the returning dove,
Guided by the Spirit, holy,
  To the ark of Jesus' love.
With the dew of life's glad morning
  Fresh upon thy radiant brow,
With its rose thy cheek adorning,
  Turn to thy Creator now.

CHRISTIAN HOPE.

O blissful hope! O, hope divine,
  Of resurrection from the tomb,
That God will ope these eyes of mine,
  Tho' death may seal them now in gloom.

What though this mortal part decay
  Within the mouldering arms of earth;
Unscathed the soul shall wing its way
  Up to the land that gave it birth.

The sod that o'er me lies must break;
  The grave must wide her portals fling:
This dust inanimate awake,
  And rise to meet its Judge and King.

Thanks be to God, though sin and strife
  Oppress us till our latest breath;
Life is not here our only life,
  And death is not forever death.

Pass on, pass on, thou angel, time,
  And bear my destined years away;
My spirit longs for life sublime,
  Released from sin, and earth, and clay.

I care not, Time, how swift thy flight,
  Approved be all thy fleeting hours;
If in their moments, brief, aright
  Be trained my soul's immortal powers.

For every rose I cherish here
  Thou crushest 'neath thy ruthless feet,
Faith sees a flower, above, appear
  In bloom more beautiful, more sweet!

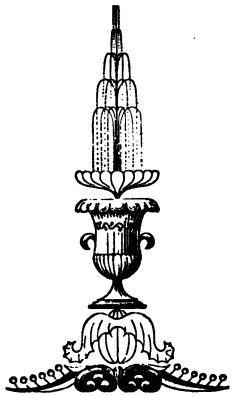
For every broken earthly tie,
  And wreck of friendship's altar riven,
There is a union formed on high,
  A more enduring shrine in heaven.

Though often here my aching head
  On thorny pillow finds repose,
There shall a blissful couch be spread,
  All undisturbed by mortal woes.

Immortal life, immortal bliss,
  Awaits me in celestial realms;
Whose prospect, in a world like this,
  My longing soul with joy o'erwhelms.

My bark hath all her canvass furled,
  Though stormy billows wildly roll;
The day-star of that glorious world
  Cheers sweetly on my steadfast soul.

O, joyful season! welcome day,
  That sees my earthly fetters riven;
Speed tardy hours your dull delay,
  Your faster flight, my sooner heaven.



CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH.

I DREAD thee not, O gloomy grave!
  That soon may ope for me,
I dread thee not; I would not save
  My weary frame from thee.

I would not bind the wings of Time,
  The hour's swift coming stay;
When angels to the realms sublime
  Shall bear my soul away.

The world, with all she can endow
  A mortal, might be given,
But O, it could not charm me now,
  For I have tasted heaven!

Earth's sons may bear her base control,
  Yet deem themselves as free;
She cannot fetter thee, my soul,
  She cannot fetter thee!

She spreads the fleeting charms in vain
  That she has spread before,
To woo the love's return again,
  That shall be hers no more.

There is no real bliss below,
  The heaven-born mind to fill;
She finds it all but empty show,
  And thirsts and hungers still.

There is a shadow of the tomb
  Where earthly light hath shone,
A tinge of Eden's blighted bloom
  O'er earthly beauty thrown.

But be it so: be earth a scene
  Of varied trial given;
Upon the arm of Faith I lean,
  Who points me oft to heaven.

Though other tones my ear may greet,
  No bliss to me they bear;
No melody like those, so sweet,
  That tell of waking there.

Press on, my soul, with steadfast aim,
  Soon all life's journey trod;
While dust its kindred dust shall claim,
  Thou shalt ascend to God!

To ——— ———.

'T WAS ever so! 't was ever so!
  How many I recall
Of friends who were the first to go,
  Whom best I loved of all;
The hand of fate would mar the scene,
  The wreath that friendship gave,
Or distance darkly roll between,
  Or yet the darker grave.

The chosen and the cherished few,
  Who should the most remain;
The kind, the generous, and the true
  I never could retain.
They pass, with all those golden hours
  The links of friendship bind,
And leave but memory's fading flowers
  To gather up behind.

For by-gone moments, all too brief,
  There cometh sorrow now;
And is it strange, there should be grief
  For such a friend as *thou?*
That o'er me steals the swelling tide
  Of feeling, deep and strong, —
O! who hath tongue or heart to chide,
  For is there aught of wrong?

In grieving thus with those to part,
  Whom we have counted dear,
Whose image graven on the heart
  Shall ever bright appear;
Whose sacred memories shall remain
  As ne'er forsaken shrines,
Where friendship links her silken chain,
  And hope her garland twines?

As falls upon the sullen wave
  The radiance of the star,
That yearns to hail the light she gave,
  Reflected back afar;
But sees the gift she proffered, tost
  In ruthless scorn aside;
Forever sunk, forever lost
  Below the raging tide:

So on this heartless world and cold,
  The sacred, hallowed hoard
Of love, the spirit's priceless gold,
  Too oft is freely poured,
And cast aside a worthless thing,
  Deceived and wounded too:
Then is it strange, that I should cling
  Thus fondly to the *true?*

Farewell! till spring shall cease to twine
  For earth her beauteous flowers,
Till brighter summer suns shall shine
  On purer worlds than ours;
Till broken on an early grave
  The poet's harp shall be,
And earth has claimed the dust she gave,
  I will remember thee.

Remember *thee*, and *her* who shares,
  With love that never dies,
Thy joys and sorrows, hopes and cares,
  'Neath fortune's changing skies.
God's blessing rest on thee and thine
  Till round his throne ye bow: —
But tears are in these eyes of mine;
  I must be silent now.

DEATH.

A MOTHER stood with her only child
On the shore of a mighty river,
And lingered near her a phantom wild,
Who bore a bow and quiver.

With a shuddering frame that mother gazed
On its dark and gloomy bearing,
On the death-pale hand to its brow it raised,
And the frown that brow was wearing.

She saw it gazed on her darling *boy*,
And she wound her arms around him,
As if she felt it could ne'er destroy
Love's chains with which she had bound him.

But sad she turned from the shore away,
And entered her home's sweet bowers;
And her beautiful child went out to play
In the garden among the flowers.

But there broke from his lips a plaintive cry,
  And his mother found him weeping;
And she saw the phantom hovering nigh,
  As a vigil it were keeping.

It had breathed on a plant, the pride and joy
  Of the child's fond heart that flourished:
The plant had died; and the tearful boy
  Was bent o'er the bud he nourished.

The mother gazed, and she sadly knew
  Her child she should cease to cherish;
That *her* favorite plant would wither too,
  That *her* beautiful bud would perish.

——'T was eve, she sat in a darkened room,
  The child in her arms was lying,
The phantom came with the gathering gloom,
  And she saw her boy was dying.

He closed his eyes, and his spirit took
  Its flight from a world of sorrow;
His mother mourned, and she scorned the Book
  Where the smitten comfort borrow.

At last, the cause of her heavy loss
  The Spirit of God revealed her,
And she bent her low at the Saviour's cross,
  Where she found a balm that healed her.

His hand the wounds of her heart bound up,
  And she hushed her loud repining;
And meekly drank from affliction's cup,
  The cup of her Lord's assigning.

Long years rolled by, and his withering wing
  Disease had unfolded o'er her;
The wheel moved slow at life's ebbing spring,
  And the phantom stood before her.

'T was Death: he came, but to swift destroy,
  A dart in his pale hand bearing;
'Strike! strike!' said she, with a voice of joy,
  While a smile her lip was wearing.

He struck; but, changed to an angel bright,
  His pinions he bent toward her,
And led her home to a world of light,
  And the child she had lost restored her.

THE BURIAL OF THOMAS CAMPBELL, IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

[The interment of this poet took place on the 3d of July, in that part of the Abbey called the 'Poets' Corner.']

THERE came to the Abbey a funeral train,
  The corse of a minstrel bearing;
Whom the hand of the spoiler, death, had slain,
  While the laurel he yet was wearing.

His lyre was broken, his wreath was crushed,
  And the flesh grew cold beneath it,
As the tuneful lip of song was hushed,
  Which had fondly loved to breathe it.

They came with a solemn step, and slow,
  With an aspect mute and lowly;—
With a brow of grief and an eye of woe,
  To the place of burial holy.

They oped a grave in the charnel spot
  Where the deathless poets slumber;
Whose lyres are broken, but not forgot,—
  And they gave him to their number.

They laid him down by the side of those
  Who are high in earthly glory;
With the dust of the mighty, who repose
  In the Abbey old and hoary.

There monarchs lie; but they have no crown,
  For their ghastly brow's adorning;
Ah, little dreamed they, in their high renown,
  The grave at their feet was yawning.

And gallant knights, with the arms they bore,
  And their banners o'er them flying,
And the rusted helms and crests they wore
  On their sculptured tombs are lying.

Proud warriors sleep in the arms of fame,
  With the lofty marble o'er them;
But what care they for their sounding name,
  Or the world that thither bore them!

Hark! hark! for the tones of music float
  Where the funeral train are kneeling,
And the echoes of many a requiem note
  Are far through the dim aisles stealing.

O, many a glorious arch they fill,
  As the mourners rise to sever;
The souls of the *living* they wildly thrill,
  But the *dead!* they hear them never!

THE SOUL.

Beautiful star on the brow of even,
Brightest thou in the crown of heaven,
Shedding afar thy silvery light,
Wreathing the wing of the shadowy night;
Tell us, thou gem of celestial birth,
Where are the lost of the sons of earth;
Where are the spirits that upward soar,
When moulders the mantle of dust they wore?

I asked, and the answer back was borne,
As the star grew dim in the blaze of morn:
'They pass me by in these regions fair,
And I light them on, but I know not where.'

Wave! proud wave of the swelling sea,
Hurrying by in thy wildness free,
Laving the brow of the mariner, cold,
Where the sea-weed lies in his garments' fold,
Leaving thy foam in his clustering hair,
Where sparkle bright pearls of a beauty rare,
We know that his *clay* in the deep abyss
Lies low, but his *spirit*, O tell us of *this!*

A voice came back from the bounding tide,
'I hold their dust in my arms who died;
And over their graveless bones I roll,
But nought I know of the deathless soul.'

Grave! deep grave, in the mouldering sod
Of the flower unplucked, and the grass untrod,
From the festal hall and the friendship bower,
And the fireside hearth, in a sad, dark hour,
Our kindred pass to thy realms of gloom;
Manhood and childhood, and age and bloom:
O, where are the spirits the frames enshrined,
With tears to thy conquering arms consigned?

Their came a voice from her ancient realms,
Whose fearful stillness the soul o'erwhelms:
'I garner the dust of the loved ye miss;
It is mine, it is mine, and I hold but this.'

O man of doubt! 't is a joyous brow,
And a fearless heart that thou bearest now,
For thou art strong in thy manhood's prime,
And thy days roll on in their golden time;
But mightier far in the tomb lie low, —
Thou, too, shall fall by the reaper's blow:
O what is thy soul, and where will it roam
When thy dust is borne to its charnel home?

Pale was the hue of the skeptic's cheek,
Quivered his lips as they oped to speak;
He cried, with scorn in his flashing eye,
'The soul is of dust, and with dust shall die!'

O dying saint! with a feeble breath,
And brow all cold with the damps of death,
Swift wanes the sun of thy closing years,
But it brighter glows as it disappears;
And thy lips are wreathed with a smile of bliss,
Struggling and dying, what meaneth this?
Is a hope to thee of new life revealed?
O tell us, ere death has thy cold lips sealed.

He answered me in a joyful strain:
'I die, but I die to live again;
The souls of the just with their Maker dwell
In glory forever and ever!—farewell!'

TO MY MOTHER.

Mother! dear mother! a song for thee,
Thou shalt the theme of the minstrel be;
Thou, who didst smile on the ruder lays,
I warbled first in my early days.
'T is the hand of a daughter sweeps the lyre,
With a lip whose melody shall not tire,
Till the brow is cold and the eye is dim,
Of her who carolled my cradle hymn.

Mother! dear mother! when I was a child,
I loved the hill and the greenwood wild,
Where the silver song of the soaring bird
And the circling insect's hum is heard;
Dearer to me than my childish play
Were the haunts I sought in the summer day,
But there was a greater love for thee,
In the heart that clung to the flower and tree.

Mother! dear mother! as oft I strayed,
To muse alone in the woodland glade,
They called me gloomy, they called me strange,
But little dreamed they of the wondrous change
Which the spell of poesy, sweet and wild,
Soon wrought in the heart of thy pensive child;
And little dreamed they of the lyre she swept,
Where the old oak's shade on the green turf slept.

Mother! dear mother! when years had past,
Sweet years, that fled on their pinions fast,
The angel of death his shadow flung,
Where our silvery bow of Hope was hung;
And we stood together, side by side,
Where a father sank in his manhood's pride;
Together we caught the parting sigh,
As the soul was borne to the world on high.

Mother! dear mother! my spirit strays
Oft back to the scenes of my early days,
And the brightest links that bind me there,
Are the memories sweet of thy love and care;
But, ah, 't was not till I fondly prest
My own first-born to my yearning breast,
I dreamed of the hour of agony,
The sorrow, which thou hadst borne for me.

Mother! dear mother! I watch thee now,
With a beating heart and an anxious brow,
I watch thy step as thou passest by—
I mark the light of thy fading eye;
For I know that Time is upon thy track,
And bears to the grave what he brings not back—
Spare, Father of mercy, my loved one spare,
A mother's life is a daughter's prayer.

Mother! dear mother! when death draws nigh,
And rends in thy breast each sacred tie;
When the downward path thy feet shall tread,
That leads to the mansions of the dead;
May the better world, like a glorious star,
Gleam through the mists of the vale afar;
Thy guide may the precious Saviour be,
And the heavenly gates ope wide for thee.

THE ABSENT.

The friends of my bosom! I cannot forget them,
Through changes and seasons still cherished they are;
Bright gems in the crown of affection I set them,
And its brilliance is dim, though but one is afar.

The absent! the absent! their voice sweetly lingers
In my listening ear; yet, I may hear not again;
And the chords of my spirit, when memory fingers,
Give back, 'neath the pressure, a sorrowful strain.

When the shadows of eve are serenely descending,
And the last golden beams of the sunset appear,
And day with dim night in soft twilight is blending,
O, oft to my spirit the absent are here.

When the weary world vexes the hushed soul
no longer,
And the silver stars light the still earth with
their beams,
And fetters of slumber grow deeper and stronger,
They pass through the land, the bright land of
my dreams.

They glide o'er my vision, and bear the sweet
token
Of friendship, that soothed in the days that
are flown;
The busy morn breaks and the sleep spell is
broken,
The dear phantoms vanish, and I am alone.

When the eager crowd toil in the strife of
existence,
And throng after throng moves unceasingly by,
I fondly imagine the loved in the distance,
But they wear the cold faces of strangers
when nigh.

And my drooping heart sinks in its own deso-
lation,
Where loudest and deepest life's tumult
may be;
For it sickens and bleeds in its vain expectation
Of the distant, the absent, it yearneth to see.

O! the cold world may meet, and meet only to sever,
And affection's torn wreath not a tear-drop may wet,
But *my* heart, when it loves, must love onward forever,
It cannot forget; no, it cannot forget.

In trial and pain, tribulation and sorrow,
Some soothing remembrance comes sweetly to cheer,
Ah, worthless were friendship, if nought she could borrow
Of comfort and hope when the loved are not here.

Away, O, away, ye dark moments of sadness,
And hail blissful promise of mansions on high;
Where the tear shall be dried in the sunshine of gladness,
And the absent be present, eternally nigh.

THE ANGEL'S VISIT.

An angel from above the skies,
  The heavenly Eden's bowers,
Came down, unseen by mortal eyes,
  To view this world of ours;
Sweet scenes he saw, that would recall
  His own bright land again,
But sin's dark curse had marred them all,
  The fairest wore a stain.

Strange sights the angel saw below,
  That stirred his bosom deep,
And made the founts of grief o'erflow,
  For angels e'en may weep.
He saw his Master's holy cross
  By mortal feet trod down,
The deathless soul esteemed no loss
  To win a fleeting crown.

He passed by many a gorgeous fane,
  That human hands upraise,
Where dust o'er dust is proud to reign
  A few brief passing days;
The richest mansions earth has given,
  To deck their little spot,
But what were they, to those in heaven?
  The angel marked them not.

He heard the songs of festal mirth
  They chant, who revel here,
But, oh! the sweetest strains of earth
  Fell harshly on his ear;
His thoughts went back, to where ascends
  The music of the skies,
Where love with purest rapture blends
  In hearts whose voices rise.

But *one* thing here the angel saw
  That could from heaven beguile,
And mid the scenes the just abhor
  His pinions stay awhile;
He saw contrition's earnest tear
  Roll down a sinner's cheek,
That marked the spirit's grief sincere,
  Grief lips can never speak.

He saw sin's heavy burden borne
  To Calvary's sacred tree,
The soul, in chains it long had worn,
  Pray that it might be free;
And when he saw its fetters riven,
  Its load at Jesus' feet,
He stretched his wings and soared to heaven
  To bear the tidings sweet.

Then countless harps were quickly strung
  Where golden streets are trod,
The victory of the Lamb was sung,
  The sinner's birth to God!
Ye sons of earth, if change like this
  Moves heavenly beings so,
O! what must be the world of bliss,
  And what the world of woe!

FLOWERS IN WINTER.

Ye come in summer's sweet array,
  Ye beautiful and bright,
Though colder sunbeams round ye play
  And shed a paler light.

Ye come to rouse, in wintry days,
  Glad thoughts of summer's bloom;
When birds pour forth their thrilling lays,
  And flowers the gales perfume.

Abroad the storm is howling loud,
  Rough winds sweep to and fro,
And earth lies silent 'neath her shroud
  Of newly fallen snow.

Ye, sheltered, calmly view the scene;
  As if the skies of May
Looked smiling down on fields of green;
  That stretched beneath them lay.

Oft o'er your lovely forms, the child
  In wonder stoops to gaze,
To watch some opening charm, beguiled
  From late enchanting plays.

Ye look like old familiar friends,
  And such ye are to me;
And, till stern death existence ends,
  So shall ye ever be.

We know that summer flowers are fair,
  But they are frequent too;
And 't is because that ye are *rare*,
  We fondly *turn* to you.

Because, when autumn's ruthless blast
  Hath laid your kindred low,
Ye, blooming, bring us back the past,
  So late that charmed us so.

O, Flowers in Winter! glad we hail
  Amid the raging storms,
That wildly sweep o'er hill and vale,
  Your bright and beauteous forms.

THE SNOW—WRITTEN DURING A STORM.

Oh, the wintry snow!
When the north winds blow
On their pinions strong and high,
And the tempest shrouds,
With its sullen clouds,
The arch of the pleasant sky.

How soft and white,
Like a mantle light,
It falls on the hill and plain,
Where the flowerets gay,
In the summer day,
Bloomed bright in the gentle rain.

Where sang the brook,
As its course it took
Through the meadow, by the hill,
There comes no sound,
For the frozen ground
Hath silenced the joyous rill.

Where hummed the bee
On the flowery lea,
He skimmed with his waxen spoil,
In an eddying whirl,
The snow-flakes curl,
And bury the barren soil.

Fast, fast they come
From their northern home,
With a light and feathery form,
Loud shrieks the blast,
As it hurries past,
Like a spirit of the storm.

The gladsome child,
With his laughter wild,
Looks up in the frowning sky,
And the huge snow-drifts,
And the wreaths and rifts,
He hails with a gleaming eye.

O, a stirring sight
Is the tempest white,
When the winds of winter blow;
And the child leaps out,
With a merry shout,
On the newly fallen snow.

THE PIRATE TO HIS BARK.

Now give thy swelling sails again,
  My proud bark, to the breeze,
Strike terror to the hearts of men
  Upon the rolling seas;
Thou, thou alone canst fearless mock
The storm-god's wrath, the billow's shock.

Old ocean's sons with blood and death
  Admit thy boundless claim,
And landsmen whisper 'neath their breath,
  The pirate Guilbert's name;
Ha! greater conquests shall be thine,
And greater honors yet be mine.

For men shall dread us, as they dread
  Some dark and fearful thing;
Destruction in thy path shall tread,
  And death ride on thy wing, —
Thou eagle of the mountain waves,
Thou filler of deep, watery graves.

Proud kings shall tremble on their thrones
  When they shall hear of thee,
And mourn their countless subjects' bones
  All mouldering in the sea;
Then shall they rage, but rage in vain,
At him who sways the swelling main.

Their servile empire is the land,
  Ours is the mighty deep,
From isle to isle, from strand to strand,
  Free as the waves we sweep;
None dare the pirate's bark to harm,
Or with him vie for victory's palm.

Oft stately ships shall leave the port
  With skilled hands at the helm,
No storms shall make those ships their sport,
  No giant waves o'erwhelm;
But back they never shall return,
To eyes that strain, and hearts that yearn.

When none shall come to tell the tale,
  Where those lost barks shall be,
Let not men ask the roaring gale,
  The wild tumultuous sea;
But let them ask the pirate, brave,
Where England's children make their grave.

On! on! my gallant bark, the sky
With gathering tempest lowers,
The sea-gull hurries screaming by,
And seeks the white-cliffed shores;
On! on! proud bird, untamed and free,
And scorn the storm, and rule the sea.

Thus spake the pirate Guilbert, bold,
And heaven and earth defied,
But soon deep thunders loudly rolled
Above the raging tide;
And fiercely blew the tempest's blasts,
And bowed the sailless, straining masts.

Red lightning lit the vessel's deck,
The daring pirate's form,
And made that haughty bark a wreck,
The scorned, insulted storm;
The wild waves yawned and hurried down
Bold Guilbert and his proud renown.

WASHING DAY.

O, WASHING day! O, washing day,
When suds and tubs the kitchen sway,
  What horrors hail thy dawning;
The muses fret for lack of time,
To lie in bed and dream in rhyme
  Upon a Monday morning.

The women scold, the children cry,
And husbands heave a heavy sigh,
  In stupid wonder staring
Upon their better halves, who seem,
While toiling on through smoke and steam,
  For man nor devil caring!

The very dog draws in his tail,
And shuns the dripping water-pail
  As though he mad were running;
The cat, with suds-bespattered fur,
Revengeful, cuffs the luckless cur,
  In vain her precincts shunning.

The breakfast stands with coffee cold,
And bread, I wager, nine days old,
  For hungry stomach's craving;
O, blest is he, whose appetite
Departed with the Sabbath night,
  Both food and sorrow saving.

Anxiety sits on each brow
That hovers o'er the washtub now,
  O mortal, hear the reason;
It is the day appointed here
To purify the household gear,
  A most important season.

See red arms wring the garments out,
Zounds! how the water flies about,
  The kitchen looks infernal;
'*Please marm*,' implores the trembling child,
'*Out of my way*,' with gesture wild,
  Responds a voice maternal.

But, lo, on *fancy's* soaring wings
A weight of suds the washer flings,
  Amid this fearful plashing;
And O, ye gods! upon my word,
They've made the *lyre* a scrubbing-board,
  And set the *muse* to washing!

Now pendant from the lengthened line,
Where brightest sunbeams warmest shine,
  See divers garments drying;
Of every shape, and size, and hue;
Red, yellow, green, and white, and blue,
  High on the breezes flying.

What if the cord should snap in twain?
Gracious! 't were worse than even rain,
  May all the saints preserve us;
Ten thousand woes beyond I see,
That wait on such catastrophe,
  Whose thoughts e'en make me nervous.

O washing day! half o'er the globe,
Known as the natal day of Job,
  And often cursed by many,
If thou hast pity for the bard,
Or for the muses hast regard,
  Come oftener dark and rainy.

For when descends a glorious rain,
And eastward rusts the weather-vane,
  Upon thy gloomy dawning,
The muses grumble not for time
To lie in bed and dream in rhyme,
  Even on a Monday morning!

THE SLAVE SHIP.

And who is she with banner proud
  That rides from yonder strand,
Upon whose deck a sable crowd,
  In heavy fetters stand?
Why fix they on that fading shore
  Their sorrow-streaming eyes,
Till cloud-capped mounts are seen no more,
  And all in distance dies?

What hath that vessel in her hold,
  A dark and narrow cell;
The shining silver and the gold,
  That mortals love so well?
Bright jewels from the far off mines
  Of Asia's fruitful soil,
Wrought where the sunlight never shines,
  But men in darkness toil?

Or spices from the burning isles
  That gem the tropic seas,
Where endless summer sweetly smiles
  On fadeless flowers and trees?

Or silks from Persia's splendid loom,
  Whose lustre never pales,
Surpassing e'en the roses' bloom,
  In Cashmere's beauteous vales?

Not these, not these, that vessel brings,
  Swift o'er the heaving main —
Hark! for a groan of anguish rings,
  And rattling of a chain!
She hath a freight of *human* flesh,
  And bears it to our shore,
With scourge and sword wound bleeding fresh,
  And hearts by sorrow tore,

The chieftain and his royal court,
  Sire, wife, and child she parts,
Whose tears and groans are made the sport
  Of men of brutal hearts.
The lash goes whirling through the air,
  To still each sob and cry;
And in the silence of despair,
  Those helpless victims lie.

Shame! for yon fearful sight denotes
  A *slave ship* rideth she,
While o'er her, high in mockery, floats
  The banner of the *free!*
Shame! that a bark like this should dip
  Her bows in ocean's brine,
They say a *Christian* mans the ship —
  God! is he one of thine!

THE PROPHETIC BARK.

The Hindoo girls have a custom, when their lovers are absent, of launching tiny boats, freighted with rice and other offerings, to some deity, accompanied with a small taper, which, if extinguished by the waves of the stream, in consequence of the overturn of the boat, is the sure sign of the death of the absent lover. On the contrary, if it gains some shore unextinguished, they, with equal credulity, regard it as portending safe and speedy returns.

'Go forth my bark upon the tide,
Thou child of hope and fear;
Safe o'er the treacherous billows ride,
And I will watch thee here.

'If far adown the moonlit stream,
Thy beacon light I view,
One, whose sweet love seems like a dream,
Shall come to prove it true.

'But if the quenching wave shall roll
O'er that dear light of thine,
Hope finds a grave within my soul,
Despair and death are mine!'

Thus spake the Hindoo girl, and gave
The stream her fragile bark,
And watched it, dancing o'er the wave,
Send forth its cheering spark.

Awhile, its onward course it kept,
  Safe in her straining view,
But dark clouds o'er the pale moon swept,
  And wild winds harshly blew.

The frail light rocked upon the tide,
  Now brightened, now grew pale;
The breathless maid, the stream beside,
  Prayed that it might prevail.

But angry waves o'erwhelmed the boat,
  The beacon disappeared,
No more upon their breast afloat,
  The maiden's heart it cheered.

A cry rose on the midnight air,
  From pale, sad lips it burst;
The mournful wailing of despair,
  Whence hope's glad tones came first.

With bitter tears she turned away,
  With grief all else above;
For in her woman's bosom lay
  The pangs of hopeless love.

When next they came with anxious breath
  To watch their frail bark's gleam,
There was *one* less to read of death
  On that foreboding stream!

WRITTEN ON VIEWING THE PORTRAIT OF REV. J. P—E, D. D.

I GAZE; the canvass kindling glows,
With hues the pencil ne'er bestows,
With hues the living only wear,
For life itself seems beaming there:
The light breeze stirs the locks of snow
That e'er in graceful freedom flow,
The lofty brow from thought unbends,
The ready ear attention lends;
The eye beams forth the soul awhile,
Plays o'er the lips their wonted smile.
'T is life, and yet not life, for sealed
Are lips that welcome words revealed;
In vain I linger near the spot,
The voice I heard, I hear it not.
'T is life, and yet not life, the tear,
That falls for those who suffer here,
Who 'neath misfortune's wounds have bled,
The soulless canvass cannot shed.
Those features cold to me impart
No warm emotions of the heart,
For such to paint, so swift they rise,
The boldest pencil powerless lies.
Thought's shadows flitting o'er the face,
No mortal hand can ever trace.

O wheresoe'er my eye they meet,
And voicelessly my spirit greet,
A thousand portraits cannot be,
Though true to life, one friend to me;
One *living*, *breathing* friend, whose tone
Makes answering music to my own!
But yet, on such I love to gaze,
The *second self* that art portrays,
And with the aid sweet fancy gives
To fondly deem each feature lives,
That reigns within the sacred soul
And lights with life diffused, the whole;
It brings, as if by magic powers,
The loved ones back who once were ours:
So when of *him*, so dear, bereft,
This noble work alone is left, —
And long may heaven's unerring hand
Forbear to write the high command,
Long bind the angel's sweeping wing,
Who shall the sacred summons bring;
Long spare a life to us, to earth,
So rich with zeal, so crowned with worth.
But when a conqueror death has been,
The soul hath soared, released from sin;
To us, who then shall mourn in vain,
Amidst our wounded spirit's pain,
How sweetly shall the canvass tell
What once was *he*, we loved so well!

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

Cross of Jesus! Christian's glory!
  Shining through his falling tears,
Burning on the page of story,
  Brightening through the gloom of years:
    Cross of Jesus!
    Glorious e'er thy form appears.

Rock of Ages! man's Salvation!
  Shelter, shield from wrath divine;
Holy hope and consolation,
  Joyfully I call thee mine:
    Glad I hail thee,
    Beams unfading round thee shine.

When the shades of sin and sorrow
  Gather darkly round my way,
Light from thee, O may I borrow,
  Guiding to the perfect day:
    Light celestial,
    Pure and unbeclouded ray.

When temptations sore assail me,
  And my fainting heart would yield,
In the warfare never fail me,
  Let thy presence aid and shield:
    Heavenly weapons
    May I e'er triumphant wield.

When the hopes of earth deceive me,
  And her words have proved untrue;
Wandering, sorrowing, O receive me,
  Dawn upon my gloomy view:
    Peace and pardon
    Through Immanuel's blood renew.

When the damps of death are stealing
  O'er my frame with anguish riven,
To my struggling soul revealing,
  Summons by her Maker given:
    Cross of Jesus,
    Fail me not, till safe in heaven!

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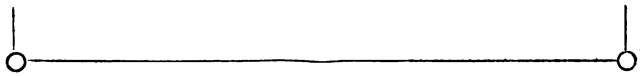
She ceased, her sire inspired, unloosed
The boat, and seized the oar



GRACE DARLING.

Old Ocean's waves rolled wild and high,
  And angry surges roared,
While fiercely down a stormy sky
  Unceasing torrents poured.
The lightning's fitful flashing, showed
  A wrecking vessel's form,
That tossed on giant billows rode,
  A plaything of the storm.

Her white sails rent are streaming high
  Against the frowning skies,
And where the deep goes whirling by
  Her fallen banner lies.
She reels, she plunges, — bounds, recedes,
  And now her towering masts
Bow meekly down, like bended reeds,
  Before the mighty blasts.

Hark! hark! a wail, a fearful cry
  To land the strong winds bear,
In every tone is agony,
  In every note, despair!
Death hovers round that bark of doom,
  He lingers for his prey,
And 'neath his feet a yawning tomb
  The parting waves display.

They rear their foam-crests high, that crowd
  Of living men they crave;
And shall they in their watery shroud
  Enfold the good, the brave?
O, who shall snatch them from the brink
  Where ruin opens wide?
The boldest landsmen shuddering shrink
  To stem that awful tide.

Far, far away upon the shore
  A simple maiden stands;
Snatched from a boat, a slender oar
  Lies in her folded hands.
Each rude breeze, as it hurries by,
  Flings back her clustering hair,
While flashes from her earnest eye
  A hope that scorns despair.

'My father! shall that bark,' she cries,
'Go down in yonder sea?
In vain for aid those prayers arise?
It must not, cannot be!
Unmoor the boat! away, away!
I will not linger here;
This is no season for delay,
No time for doubt and fear.

'I would be gone; my father, dare
With me to succor fly,
To save yon helpless victims there,
To brave the flood or die.
A few brief moments, and each tongue
The choking wave shall hush,
And where those cries and groans have rung
O'erwhelming waters rush.

'Heed, heed that wail of deep distress
To us the tempest bears;
O, let us prize our lives the less
Perchance to rescue theirs!
Fear not for me, my hand is strong,
My heart is stronger still;
And God, to whom these waves belong,
Can quell them at his will.'

She ceased; her sire, inspired, unlashed
  The boat and seized the oar,
And fearless o'er the billows dashed,
  That laved the sheltering shore.
There stood an angel bright beside
  The maiden at the helm,
He stayed the flood, he soothed the tide,
  Nor dared a wave o'erwhelm.

She gazed upon the skies above,
  The lightning's blazing path,
With holy faith, and hope, and love,
  That awed the storm-god's wrath.
And safe they reached the sinking wreck,
  Where raging tempests blew,
And bore from off her briny deck
  Her pale, despairing crew.

Then swiftly through the breaking foam
  The quivering boat scuds back,
And bears her burden safely home,
  Though death is on the track.
Unhurt by wind, and storm, and wave,
  Upon the beaten strand,
The rescued from a watery grave
  With loud thanksgiving stand.

How felt she then? that noble one,
  Whose aid deliverance wrought;
And ere destruction's work was done
  The ark of safety brought.

Compassion's tears had ceased to flow,
  Her beating heart was stilled;
A joy as sweet as angels know
  Her pure, young spirit filled.

Days passed; a glorious meed of fame
  Time to the maiden bore;
And thousands breathed her hallowed name
  Unheard, unknown before.
She cared not for the great world's praise,
  Still nature's artless child,
And shrank from admiration's gaze,
  A spirit undefiled.

But vain are wreaths to bind her brow,
  Or song's sweet tributes given,
The world's applause she heeds not now,
  Grace Darling is in heaven!
She hath reward, — the robe, the crown,
  The harp of heavenly tone,
The smiles of God, the high renown
  Of those around the throne.

And while its rest her spirit takes
  In that pure, blissful sphere,
Her deed of noble daring makes
  Her name immortal here.
The muse of England's poets, fired,
  Shall waft it o'er the main;
And transatlantic bards, inspired,
  Roll back the deathless strain!

A NAMELESS GRAVE.

A NAMELESS grave! a nameless grave!
  How dreary is the spot;
So tall the weeds that o'er it wave,
  The stranger heeds it not.
He gazes with admiring eye
  On marbles of renown,
But this he coldly passes by,
  Or tramples rudely down.

Who slumbers here? a little child,
  That, wearied of its play,
Looked on its mother's face and smiled,
  Then passed from earth away!
At whose glad tones the summer birds
  Would chant a sweeter strain,
But now for whose soft, winning words
  They pine, but pine in vain?

Some aged pilgrim may repose
  Beneath this nameless stone,
Where long have gathered wintry snows,
  And summer suns have shone;

He may have passed to death's cold rest,
  Far from his native land;
His dying hour uncheered, unblest,
  By kind compassion's hand.

Perchance a warrior slumbers here,
  In faded glory's gloom,
With rusted sword and broken spear,
  And shattered helm and plume;
Who bravely fell in battle's strife,
  By slaughter's furious breath,
Who found a rest denied in life,
  Forever his in death.

Perchance a child of hopes and fears,
  A minstrel here is laid,
Whose lyre, his life a few brief years,
  Too soon his death was made.
The night wind pours an earnest strain,
  As here she hurries by,
As if she sought to wake again
  Some buried melody.

Tread lightly on the nameless grave,
  Unhonored by renown,
Though tall the weeds that o'er it wave,
  Forbear to crush them down;
O! hallowed ever be the dust,
  The humblest may contain,
Heaven gives to earth a sacred trust
  It soon will ask again!

VOICE OF THE AUTUMN WIND.

Mournfully the wind is sighing
  Through the barren forest trees;
Hark! it whispers, swelling, dying,
  Hark! a warning from the breeze.

Mortal, wake! thy years are numbered,
  Soon shall pass those years away;
Long to duty hast thou slumbered,
  Up! her frequent calls obey.

Like the leaves thus rudely scattered,
  Faded by thy chilling breath,
Shall thy earthly hopes be shattered,
  And thy beauty marred by death.

Earthly friends, and joys, and pleasures,
  Fade and die like autumn leaves;
While the heart, whose idol treasures
  Once they flourished, vainly grieves.

Frail and fleeting is existence
  Unto man allotted here;
With the oldest, short the distance
  From the cradle to the bier.

Changes come without a warning,
  Fortune flatters to deceive,
Oft she sweetly smiles at morning,
  Then as coldly frowns at eve.

Human friendship is unstable,
  Happiness men seek but miss;
God alone, to give is able,
  Friendship true, and lasting bliss.

Seek then earthly things no longer,
  Aim not to be worldly wise;
Build thy hopes on something stronger—
  Seek a kingdom in the skies.

Bear with patience all the crosses,
  Evils of thy mortal birth;
Let thy trials, pains, and losses
  Serve to wean thee from the earth.

He who strives to do his duty,
  Treads the path his Master trod;
Hath immortal life and beauty,
  In the Paradise of God.

THE MOON.

Beautiful moon! O how I love to hail
  Thy glorious coming in the eastern sky,
  When starry gems along thy pathway lie;
Trembling, and turning in thy presence pale,
Brightest adorner of night's pensive brow,
Fairest of all her radiant jewels, thou!
  Wreathing with light the fleecy cloud, that veils
With its thin mantle, for a little space,
  The full-orbed lustre of thy beaming face,—
  Casting thy splendor on the sleeping dales,
Fields, woods, and waters that beneath thee rest,
With night's dark shadows on their peaceful breast.
O, I do love thee! but the most, sweet moon,
  In the still hour of midnight's sacred noon;
Calm then are spirits that with day have striven,
And earth's repose seems kin to that of heaven!

RETURN TO MY BOSOM.

RETURN to my bosom, beloved one, return!
My heart for thy presence hath ceased not to yearn,
Mine eyes for thy coming are dim with their strain,
And mine ear hath grown weary with waiting in vain.

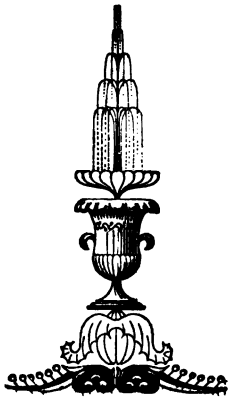
Return to my bosom — the toils of the day,
Its cares and its sorrows are passing away;
The last golden sunbeam has faded and gone,
And the shadows of even are fast stealing on.

Return to my bosom — lo, yonder afar
There shines in the heaven a beautiful star;
But, ah! not a charm in its lustre I see,
For the *star* of my *home* hath not risen on me.

Return to my bosom — return to the rest
Thou often hast whispered thou lovest the best;
As sweetly and purely I set on thy brow
A seal of affection that lingereth now.

Return to my bosom — my heart is thine own,
In youth thou hast won it, and round it hast thrown
A spell that shall linger till life's latest breath,
More sacred than friendship, and stronger than
death.

Return to my bosom — O tarry not long,
My heart for thy presence is pining in song;
Come, haste thee to gladden thy sorrowing dove,
Return to thy chosen, return to thy love.



TEMPUS FUGIT.

TEMPUS FUGIT! golden hours
  Rapid flight are stealing,
Like the frost among the flowers
  Changes sad revealing.

Tempus Fugit! lo! a child
  By a streamlet playing,
Or among the greenwoods wild,
  Free and happy straying.

Tempus Fugit! now a youth
  Bounds with footsteps fleeting,
Deeming every promise truth,
  Pleasure never cheating.

Tempus Fugit! woe and care
  Manhood's bloom are blighting,
Scenes and hopes once sweetly fair
  Fortune stern is smiting.

Tempus Fugit! hoary age
  Childhood sadly blending,
Toys of infant years engage,
  Downward swift descending.

Tempus Fugit! lo! a shroud
  And a grave preparing,
And the bier a sable crowd
  Thither slow are bearing.

Tempus Fugit! hark! a bell
  Solemnly is pealing,
Strikes the ear a funeral knell
  On the breezes stealing.

Tempus Fugit! lo! the end
  Of the life ye covet!
Ye whose spirits earthward bend,
  Cease, oh! cease to love it!

MEETING OF FRIENDS.

WRITTEN WHILE ABSENT FROM HOME.

How sweet the hour, how passing sweet
  The tide of moments flow,
When friends again with rapture meet,
  Who parted long ago.

And while far distant yet appear
  The happy homes they fill;
What expectation, hope, and fear,
  The inmost spirit thrill!

To expectation's music tongue
  The heart beats swift and high,
While hope's enchanting bow is flung
  Across a sunny sky;—

Fear cometh, like a cloud, to hide
  The brightness of the bow,
But, bursting forth on every side,
  It gilds its gloomy foe.

And nearer as the objects be
  Of fond expecting love,
The spirit struggles to be free,
  Like an imprisoned dove.

How tardily the moments seem
  To urge their weary pace!
How often in some midnight dream
  The absent we embrace!

Though many changes may have passed
  O'er those we left behind,
'T is only as we saw them *last*
  They come before the mind.

O, joy for him, joy not of earth,
  Who gains his native land,
And finds around his glowing hearth
  An undivided band.

But woe for him who cometh back,
  Across the billow's foam,
To gaze upon the spoiler's track
  Within his happy home.

For bitter, bitter is the pain
  The anguished heart must bear,
That finds, on clasping love's sweet chain,
  A link is wanting there!

SONNET.

O, THERE are moments when the tide of song
Rolls o'er my spirit with o'erwhelming power,
And onward borne through many a swift-winged hour,
My joyful harp-strings their wild notes prolong.
And radiant visions round my pathway throng,
While golden hopes the future brightly gild,
Till with their high aspirings I am filled.
Long fancy weaves her spell around me, long
The sweet enchantress thrills my raptured breast.
Until the stern realities of life,
Its storms, and sorrows, and its jarring strife,
Dim the bright wing of moments far too blest,
And from my spirit harshly, coldly blot
All, save the memory — *this* forsakes me not.

THE DREAM OF THE DYING POET.

I DREAMED a dream in the midnight hour,
When the spell of sleep hath mightiest power,
And wildest visions come thronging by
Thro' the fancy world of the fast-closed eye.

I gazed on the radiant goddess, Fame,
And sought to win from her lips a name;
A glittering wreath of the laurel bough,
In her hand she held for the victor's brow.

I sought her prize, and her race to run,
And my heart beat high as I deemed it won;
I stretched my hand for the glorious wreath,
There came between us the angel Death!

A blight stole over the garland fair,
The green leaves died in their freshness there;
And he flung the wreath, in its faded bloom,
On the withered turf of an open tomb.

My palsied hand in its eager clasp,
Met nought but the spoiler's icy grasp,
While strange, dark words from his hollow tongue,
And the knell of hope in my chilled ear rung.

'Ha! not *thy* brow shall the wreath adorn;
Look there, look there on the garland torn;
For the glittering boon thou didst fondly crave
Is a broken harp and an early grave!

'Fame calls the world, but she calls not thee,
The cup *I* fill shall thy portion be;
I will crush thy hopes in their budding bright,
I will dim thy star in its dawning light!'

He ceased, and a fearful anguish stole
O'er my shrinking frame, and my shuddering soul;
And I yielded up at his feet my breath:
I had sought for Fame, I had found but Death!

I woke, but the vision haunts me now,
It casts a shade on my path and brow;
And oft there rings in my startled ear
That knell of hope, and that voice of fear.

Ah, no! the garland of Fame may twine
The brows of others, but never mine, —
I may not win from thy lips a name,
Death is between us, oh, radiant Fame!

TO THE MEMORY OF A BELOVED FATHER.

Oh! how it thrilled through my aching heart,
When they told me thou wert dying,—
That the mighty conqueror's icy dart
In thy throbbing breast was lying.

Thy hand was cold as the frozen snow,
And thy pulse had ceased its beating,
For the crimson tide in thy veins ebbed low,
To its quivering source retreating.

I bent me down o'er thy dying bed;
To list to thy heavy breathing,
And my tears fell fast on thy pillowed head,
Which the mists of death were wreathing.

A change passed o'er thy face so pale,
As the last frail cord was riven,
And thy spirit entered the gloomy vale,
With its angel guide to heaven.

A smile of joy o'er thy features passed,
  The smile of a raptured spirit,
As the beaming glance of its eye was cast
  On the bliss which the just inherit.

We bore thy clay to the burial earth,
  To the sleep that knows no waking,
And came to our dreary house and hearth,
  With hearts that were well-nigh breaking.

Thy wide fields now with the harvest bloom,
  But another hath thy reaping;
For the hand that scattered the seed, yon tomb,
  Holds fast in her icy keeping.

Sleep, father, sleep in thy narrow home,
  With the silent dead about thee, —
We onward still through the bleak world roam,
  Alas! for we are without thee!

CHRIST IS LEFT.

Let the winds of sorrow blow
  Roughly o'er this track of mine,
Let the fount of grief o'erflow,
  Hope's sweet star forbear to shine.
Though of every comfort shorn,
  Though of every joy bereft;
Weak, defenceless, and forlorn,—
  I am rich—if Christ is left.

Let the spoiler's ruthless blow
  Sunder all my cherished ties,
Let affection bend in woe,
  Where the last, the dearest lies;
Clinging to each shattered shrine,
  Of its idol sweet bereft,
Never can my soul repine,
  While it grieves—if Christ is left.

Let the changing world forsake,
  On me heap its cruel scorn,
Peace within the load shall make
  Light and easy to be borne;
Lo! a friend of peerless worth
  Cheers my lonely heart bereft,
For the faithless ones of earth
  Falls no tear, if Christ is left.

Earthly treasures, hopes and joys,
  Ye may leave me if ye will;
'Mid the wrecks where time destroys,
  I am rich in Jesus still.
E'en when death's keen pangs shall wring
  This weak frame of life bereft,
Joyful still my soul shall sing,
  All is mine, for Christ is left!

'FOR HERE WE HAVE NO CONTINUING CITY.'

Up! weary pilgrim, up! and take
  Thy staff and travel on,
Earth is no resting place for thee,
  For thou art not her son.
Then sigh not o'er her ruined hopes,
  Shed not one bitter tear,
Thy all is centered in the skies,
  Thou hast no city here.

Let fleeting wealth for others spread
  Her vain, delusive snares,
Be thou not tempted by her charms,
  Or burdened by her cares;
Her treasures fly on eagle wings,
  As adverse fortunes frown,
O! win them not to mourn their flight,
  And weep their brief renown.

What though the world may pass thee by
  In cold and cruel scorn?
What though the storms of life beat harsh
  Upon thy head forlorn?

Soon from thy Master's searching glance
  Shall earth's proud children fly,
And soon the glorious rest of Heaven
  Shall sweetly meet thine eye.

Thy Master! ah! when here he toiled,
  When here, for man he bled;
No palace doors were open flung,
  No costly feasts were spread;
A manger was his cradle couch,
  A weary life his doom,
A torturing cross his dying bed,
  A borrowed rock his tomb.

His fare was e'er the poor man's fare,
  His cot the poor man's cot,
He had no realms, no city here,
  He asked, he sought them not;
O! pilgrim follower, cheer thy heart,
  And wipe thy streaming eye,
Beyond, beyond this heartless world
  Thy realms and city lie.

That city is no earthly one,
  It bears no stains of sin,
And earthly pomp, and earthly pride
  Shall never enter in;
There poverty's cold, crushing rain
  Shall never, never fall,
Nor want, nor woe, nor wild despair
  E'er spread their fearful pall.

Night folds not there her ebon wings,
  For night is all unknown,
And moon, and sun, for in the midst
  Is God's eternal throne;
And from the face of Him who sits
  High on the sacred seat,
Celestial glories ceaseless beam
  And light each shining street.

Then closer draw thy mantle's folds,
  And tarry not below,
Fill high thy cup at Shiloh's fount
  Where streams reviving flow,
And boldly face anew the hosts,
  The frowning hosts of clay;
Let not the foe o'ertake thee here,
  Up! weary one! away!

Behold thy city in the skies,
  Behold thy treasures there;
The casket that contains them, Faith,
  The key unceasing prayer.
Soon shall thy spirit upward soar,
  And then, O! then for thee
Shall that bright city's golden gates
  Through Christ wide open be!

THE SETTING SUN.

FAREWELL to thee, sweet setting sun,
Pass from my sight, unwearied one,
Till heavenly mandates bid thee rise
Triumphant in the morrow's skies.

How beautiful the twilight scene!
While darkness shrouds the vales serene;
Around the hill's high summit play
Bright sunbeams lingering on their way.

Fair Nature, like a weary child,
No more by sportive day beguiled,
Rejoicing, welcomes night and rest
And slumbers on the green earth's breast.

Ye busy cares of life, retire,
Ye sordid aims of low desire —
Give me some calm, some pure retreat
For prayer and contemplation meet.

The day is past fore'er — but how
Come back its swelling memory now?
Does gladness crown each by-gone hour,
Or silent shame and grief o'erpower?

O why my soul these rising fears,
Why dim my eye these starting tears?
Alas! the monitor within
Reminds of unbelief and sin.

Of idle words, of misspent time
In *God's* pure eyes no trifling crime,
Of wandering thoughts, of idle dreams,
And folly's worthless hopes and schemes.

O, would that every coming eve,
Sweet setting sun, with me might leave
A purer, calmer, holier breast,
And brighter hopes of heavenly rest!

And as yon clouds that cluster now
Around the western mountain's brow,
Array themselves in golden light
Reflected from thy image bright,

So from the cross, where Jesus died,
Whence glory flows an endless tide,
May richer beams my soul illume,
And gild the night that shrouds the tomb.

LOCH LEVEN CASTLE.

Proud ruin on Loch Leven's stream,
Whose waters dance with silver gleam,
  Beneath the gentle breezes' swell,
    That bear upon their downy wing,
  The fragrance of the heather bell,
    On every wild hill blossoming.

With ivied battlement and tower,
And remnant rude of kingly power
  Thou standest as in days of yore,
    When pensive Mary,* Scotland's Queen,
  A prisoner on the castled shore,
    Gazed on the lake of sparkling sheen.

Thy name with her's is woven yet—
And who shall Mary's name forget,

* Mary, Queen of Scots, was confined in this castle after her defeat at Carberry Hill.

Though thou may'st crumble from the view,
And Leven's waters cease to run,
Reflecting from their breast of blue,
The silver moon and golden sun?

No warden's fire shall e'er again
Illume Loch Leven's bosom fair,
Nor clarion shrill of armored men,
The breeze across the lake shall bear.
But while remains a stone of thine,
It shall be linked to royal fame,
For there a Rose of Stuart's line,
Hath left the fragrance of her name.

CHRIST IS PRECIOUS.

CHRIST is precious! O my soul,
  Is he not to thee most dear,
  Dost thou not his sweet control
Love to feel around thee here?
  Art thou burdened with thy fears?
He can every fear allay,
  Dost thou shed the mourner's tears?
He can wipe those tears away.

Christ is precious — yes, when pain
  Racks this feeble frame of mine,
And my spirit would complain,
  Murmur at the will divine;
Then is my Redeemer nigh
  To uphold me from despair,
Gently hush each rising sigh,
  Aid me every pang to bear.

Christ is precious — 't is his blood
  On the cross for sinners spilt,
Saves me from the wrath of God,
  Fearful punishment of guilt.
And when I in death lie down,
  Joyful at his high command,
He shall my salvation crown
  Glorious, at his own right hand.

Christ is precious — he forsakes
  None who love to do his will,
All their streams of joy he makes
  Sweeter, purer, deeper still,
Every grief he softly soothes,
  Aids in every trial given,
And the rugged pathway smooths
  Till the pilgrim enters heaven.

Christ is precious — if in life,
  He is so my soul, to thee,
What, in thy last mortal strife,
  Shall the dear Redeemer be?
Hark! an answer from the grave,
  Hear the dying Christian sing,
'*Through his might who died to save*
  Death has lost his fearful sting!'

'I AM THE LORD THAT HEALETH THEE.'

My spirit writhed beneath the smart
Of faithless friendship's keenest dart,
And o'er a wreath I bent to mourn
What love had twined deceit had torn,
There came a heavenly voice to me,
'I am the Lord that healeth thee.'

My feet had trod the paths of sin
And sought a worthless prize to win,
But when the glittering gift I grasped,
A cruel thorn concealed I clasped,
That same kind voice brought peace to me,
'I am the Lord that healeth thee.'

In agony my soul was bowed
O'er one who slumbered in the shroud,
And tears I would not, could not, stay,
Fell fast upon the breathless clay,
Again came that blest voice to me,
'I am the Lord that healeth thee.'

O thou, whose never failing balm
The spirit's grief alone can calm,
When earthly scenes to me grow dim,
And death's keen anguish racks each limb,
May these sweet accents set me free,
'I am the Lord that healeth thee.'

THE RIGHTEOUS DEAD.

WEEP not, weep not the righteous dead,
  Released from every ill,
But let thy tears be freely shed
For those who yet to earth are wed,
  Who sin and suffer still.
But when the joyful Christian dies,
When pale and changed his body lies,
And round his sable bier ye come
To take the clay unconscious home,
Hush every sob, check every sigh,
Blest are the dead in Christ who die.
Let not a tear thine eyelids steep,
'He giveth his beloved sleep!'

MUSIC OF THE SEA.

I LOVE the sound! I love the sound!
  The music of the sea;
The murm'ring of the mighty waves
  That sweep so wild and free.

I love it best! I love it best
  Amid the gathering storm,
When lurid lightning's wreathe with flame
  The quivering vessel's form.

I love it when the gloomy cloud
  The fiery bolt has riven,
And the deep sea reëchoes back
  The voice of God from heaven.

When wildly on the rocky shore
  The foaming billows leap,
And with a hoarse and sullen roar
  Rolls on the troubled deep.

STANZAS.

If the eagle spread not wide his wings,
In his flight shall be no fleetness —
If the minstrel *feel* not what she sings,
In her lay shall be no sweetness.

If the heart be light the song is free,
With a tone of gladness given,
If the soul be sad, the harp shall be
Till its joyless strings are riven.

LINES WRITTEN ON LEAVING EUROPE.

I'M pining for the birds and flowers
  Around my native home;
I'm pining for the wild-wood bowers
  Through which I loved to roam;
And for the gentle summer breeze
  That brought the earnest words
I fancied in the hum of bees,
  And silver song of birds.

I'm pining for the old green hill
  That rises high and grand, —
The soil my *father* used to till
  With rough but honest hand;
And for a dear, a hallowed spot,
  Beyond the rolling wave,
My spirit never hath forgot, —
  I'm pining for his *grave!*

I'm pining for my *mother's* smile,
  And for her gentle voice, —
The *little ones*, whose sportive wile
  Oft made my heart rejoice;
A sister's welcome, warm and true,
  A brother's greeting hand,
And all the dear old friends I knew
  When in my native land.

I've gazed on Scotia's heathered hills,
  In purple bloom arrayed, —
Her lakes of blue, her silver rills,
  Her bard hath lovelier made;
I've traversed Erin's emerald isle,
  So beautiful, so fair, —
The contrast of her woe the while
  My spirit ill could bear.

I've gazed on England's pomp and power,
  Her cities known to fame,
Where palace proud and lofty tower
  Bear high and royal name;
And on that land of many lays,
  The sunny land of France,
Where peasants in the harvest days
  Upon the red grapes dance.

But O, not Scotia, fresh and fair,
  Not Erin, fairer still,
Nor England, with her riches rare,
  Nor France, with vine-clad hill,
Have aught so lovely and so grand,
  So beautiful and wild,
As *thou*, my own, my native land,—
  Thou! nature's fairest child!

O, let me cross the swelling main,
  And fondly gaze on thee,
Where nobler, purer virtues reign,
  And men in *mind* are free;
Where honest worth no haughty son
  Of rank can trample down,
Nor thousands toil in want, that *one*
  May wear a royal crown.

M. S. L.

SWEET Mary, round the early tomb,
  Which thou wert called to fill,
In sunny summer's opening bloom,
  Our hearts are lingering still.
Our longing spirits fondly cling
  To thee, their treasure fled;
O! it is hard aside to fling
  The image of the dead.

Though fleeting time hath rolled away,
  With many a sigh and tear,
It seemeth only yesterday,
  Since we beheld thee here;
And that to-morrow thou wilt come,
  As in those days gone by,
The sunlight of our happy home,
  Too bright to fade and die.

We cannot *feel* that thou hast passed,
  The grave's cold depths to fill,
The fearful thought aside we cast.
  And deem thee living still.
Thy gentle voice and laugh of glee,
  That often here have rung,
Seem lingering sweetly yet, and free,
  Though hushed upon thy tongue.

Our little ones are sporting round,
  Before our pensive view,
But now where once the *three* were found,
  Alas! there are but *two!*
And often in our ears they pour
  Their sad and childish strain,
'O say, will she we love, no more
  Return to us again?'

They mourn the broken household band,
  The link that bound us all,
They miss the clasp of thy young hand,
  Thy smile and gentle call;
They miss the voice of music sweet
  Which thou didst wake at even,
For now thou art at Jesus' feet,
  And hast a harp of heaven.

Yes, thou art gone! but many a trace
  Of thee is lingering still;
The robe unworn, the vacant space
  Which thou wert wont to fill.
Around the social hearth we come,
  But heavy hearts we bear,
We cannot make it seem like home,
  For *thou* art wanting there.

But far in yonder world of light
  A home is now thine own,
Thy loved companions angels bright
  Who gather round the throne.
There may we *all* rejoicing meet,
  When our brief life is o'er,
And swell thy song of triumph sweet,
  And part no more, no more!

THE MEADOW SPRING.

How oft when far from our childhood's home
Will memory back to its loved scenes roam,
And paint in the glowing hues of truth
Our favorite haunts in the days of youth.
To me she pictures our Meadow Spring
Where dipped the swallow her fluttering wing,
As hovering low o'er the water's brim
She swiftly seized in her talons slim,
And bore to the old thatched roof away
A precious burden of moistened clay.
I, too, oft over its margin hung,
My weary form on the soft turf flung,
Now gazing up in the cloudless sky,
Where the sun in his noonday pride rode high,
Now down on the surface so calm and bright
Of the spring where quivered the silvery light,
That gently stole through the foliage green
Of the oak that shaded the spot serene.
And flowers in beauty around it grew,
The daisy white and the violet blue,

And the buttercup bright in whose golden breast
The light bee weary was wont to rest.
The cowslip, too, and the lily pale,
Whose fragrance sweetened the passing gale.
But I loved it best in the balmy hour
Of the silent eve, when the folded flower
The cold dew bent to the lowly sod
That bore it fresh from the hand of God.
And the beautiful moon her rays would fling
On the sparkling breast of the crystal spring,
And I seemed as the soft breeze swept along
To catch the notes of the fairies' song;
The joyful notes of their music sweet
To the dance they led with their tiny feet.
But now are those seasons of pleasure o'er,
The spot I sought I may seek no more;
Yet I dwell on its beauties as fresh as ever, —
Shall the scenes of the world efface them? *Never!*

THE WIDOW'S SON RESTORED.

The mists of night rolled heavily away,
Leaving the stately towers and palaces
Of ancient Nain to glitter in the beams,
Flung from the chariot of the coming sun.
The weary sentinel no longer paced
The lonely street, for busy thousands trod
The dusty way, seeking their daily toil.
The hum of the awakened populace
Grew louder as the slowly opening morn
Ripened to all the swift activity
Of bustling day.
A golden sunbeam pierced
The narrow casement of a darkened room,
Where lay the pale yet lovely form of one
Who, in life's spring-time, had lain down and died.
He was an only son; and she who sat
In speechless woe beside his breathless clay—
She was a widow; death before had torn
The wreath that love around her heart had twined.
And now his icy hand from thence had snatched
Another flower, and where its tendrils once
Had firmly clasped, her deeply wounded heart
Was bleeding freely.

Soft that sunbeam fell
Upon the mother and her smitten son;
It quivered on his young brow colorless,
And played around the pale thin lips from whence
The soul had just departed, till it seemed
That life's extinguished lamp, kindled again
For a brief moment in its former shrine,
Was burning brightly; but the fickle light
Left the unconscious clay and wandered on.
So had the beams of the pale midnight stars
Looked in upon that couch of death and seen
Low bending o'er it that fond mother's form,
Then passed away; she had outwatched the stars
And the slow-waning moon, but *then* she watched
Her living child, and there was hope that cheered
E'en to the last, but hope had vanished now;
Despair had come, and she hung o'er the dead
While through the silent chamber rung her wail
Of bitter lamentation.

O! must I yield thee up, my boy,
To death's cold fearful sleep,
And here beside thy couch no more
My nightly vigil keep,
And hail thy waking when the morn
Gilds city, mount, and plain,
And thy glad voice saluted me
Like music's sweetest strain?

I did not dream, when long ago
  I clasped thee to my breast.
And soothed with song and cradle hymn
  Thy weariness to rest,
That I should lay thee in the grave,
  My idol, and my pride,
Ere life's wild thorns had choked thy path,
  Its cares thy spirit tried.

I did not dream, when first I taught
  Thy infant lips to pray,
That *He* might come who soon shall hold
  O'er Judah royal sway;
That ere before the mighty king,
  Thy knees with mine had bowed,
I should be weeping thus for thee,
  Enfolded in the shroud.

How can I part with thee my boy!
  How can I part with thee!
And pine in solitude and woe,
  For thy return to me?
When in this throbbing breast of mine
  Hope's shrine is all destroyed,
And where it stood alone is left
  A dark and dreary void.

And oh! when thou art borne away
  To slumber in the tomb,
And none are left to share with me
  My home of deepest gloom,
How shall I crave thy sunny smile,
  Thy joyous, sweet caress,
And long in these fond arms of mine,
  Thy cherished form to press!

The rose has faded from thy cheek,
  It has forever passed,
Day after day I watched its hue,
  And marked it fading fast;
The light of thy dark eye grew dim,
  But ere it closed, it shone
Methought with that undying light
  That plays around the throne.

My precious, my belovèd one!
  My first-born and my all!
'T is bitterness for me to veil
  Thy beauty in the pall.
Thy freshness like the summer flower
  That withers in its glow,
Woe for the breath that blighted it,
  Woe for the spoiler, woe!

Now hath he pierced my mourning breast,
  Twice with his ruthless dart,
And left me thus to writhe beneath
  Its keen and cruel smart:
And they shall carry thee, my child,
  Where sleeps thy father now,
With paleness on his speechless lip,
  And death upon his brow.

He will not smile upon thee there
  As he hath often smiled,
His gentle voice will greet thee not,
  He will not know thee, child!
But rest thou with him till the grave
  Holds in her bosom three,
For, ere the summer harvests fall,
  I shall lie down with thee.

But God hath called thee, 't was his will
  To take the gift he gave,
The spirit to his cherub bands,
  The body to the grave.
Then go my darling, undefiled,
  To come not back again,
But O! for me no more, no more
  Shall there be joy in Nain!

Then rose that mother and with trembling hand
O'er the loved features of her offspring drew
The shroud's white drapery, and went out to still
The rising murmurs of her heart in prayer,
Leaving the dead alone. * * * *

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'T was eventide,
And gorgeous clouds were clustering brightly round
The waning sun, when from the city's gates
A funeral train passed out with tears and sighs.
A widowed mother mourning for her son,
Her *only* son followed the sable bier,
That men were bearing to the burial earth
In sad array.
Toward the city came
A pilgrim band, and one was in the midst
Who seemed not of them, though of mortal kin.
There was a heavenly beauty on his brow,
His eye was kindled with a purer beam
Than souls defiled by sin can shed; he walked
Among them as a guardian angel guide,
And from his lips flowed wisdom, while the hearts
That drank the inspiring words, burned and confessed
The humble stranger godlike and divine.
The widowed mother, as she passed him by,
Caught from his pitying eye something of hope
That checked the tears that filled her own, and yet
She knew not why; and as his gentle voice

Fell on her ear, 'Daughter, what aileth thee?'
Her steps she stayed, and with a quivering lip
And sad imploring eye, replied, 'My son,
My only son lieth upon the bier;
O! would to God I might have died for him!'
She ceased; the listening stranger came and stood
Beside the bier.
Still was that funeral train,
Still as the silent grave to which it bore
The dead, as lifting up the pall he gazed
On youth and beauty coldly slumbering there.
The mother clasped her hands, and now her glance
Fell on the cherished one who knew her not;
Now raised, she fixed it on the calm, pure face
Of the strange being who beside her stood,
As if to read his spirit's workings there.
A voice deep-toned, but yet of accents sweet,
Rolled through the wondering ranks that pressed around,
Thrilling each heart as on the straining ear
Its music fell—'Young man, arise!'
A change
Came o'er the dead; the shroud and pall were flung,
By strong, free hands aside; the snow white hue
Vanished from cheek and brow, while o'er them stole
The rose's crimson flush, and from the bier,
With parted lips and brightly flashing eye
A living son sprang to his mother's arms!

THE REPLY OF RUTH TO NAOMI.

ENTREAT me not! entreat me not!
  I cannot go from thee,
O! dreary, dreary is my lot,
  If thou art not with me.
Why dost thou ask me? have I e'er
  Been less to thee than true?
I, from whose heart thy image ne'er
  A moment's absence knew.

Hast thou forgot that age has set
  His seal upon thy brow?
Though beauty's traces linger yet
  To show what once wert thou;
Thy tottering step, thy trembling hand,
  Thine eyes he dim hath made?
How wilt thou reach a stranger land
  Without thy wonted aid?

Hast thou forgotten her who gives
  To thee the strength of youth,
As thou hast lived for her, who lives
  For thee, thy faithful Ruth?
Hast thou forgotten her who sings
  Thy griefs and cares away
'Till tardy moments spread their wings
  And speed the closing day?

Thou shalt not wander forth alone
  To toil, and beg for bread,
On changeful fortune's bounty thrown,
  While I am richly fed.
No! where thou goest I will go,
  Where other mountains rise,
And other waters darkly flow—
  The world before us lies.

How could I love the light of home,
  The hearth-stone kindling warm,
And know that thou wert forced to roam,
  Exposed to every storm;
Sleep would not come on wings of peace,
  With wreaths of balmy flowers,
My soul to seek thee would not cease,
  All through the midnight hours.

And where thou livest I will live,
  In some wild mountain cave,
Where passing storms a tribute give,
  And gloomy cedars wave.
The hand that kindly succors thee
  Shall for my wants provide,
Thy home, tho' rough and rude it be,
  Shall shelter me beside.

And where thou diest I will die,
  Within our own sweet land,
Or 'neath a sterner, colder sky,
  Or on a burning sand.
Together may our fleeting breath,
  To Israel's God be given,
Together may we sleep in death,
  Together wake in heaven!

O! let me share thy weight of woe,
  The burden of thy care,
My heart shall never weary grow,
  Or shrink its load to bear.
I cannot, cannot part with thee,
  Above, below the sod;
Thy people shall *my* people be,
  Thy God shall be *my* God!

IF A MAN DIE, SHALL HE LIVE AGAIN?

O! TELL me, tell me, glorious sun,
  Thou monarch of the day,
When life's swift sands have ceased to run,
  Is here the spirit's stay?
When hoary men the reaper death
  Cuts down like ripened grain,
Say, dies the soul as dies the breath,
  And never lives again?

O! tell me, tell me, evening star,
  Thou brightly glowing fire,
Art thou no guide to worlds afar
  For those who here expire?
When manhood's prime disease consumes,
  And life's sweet hopes are vain,
Say, if the grave the soul entombs,
  Or lives that soul again.

O! tell me, tell me, bounding stream,
  Thy restless waters still,
Wake not the early dead, who seem
  Unnumbered graves to fill?
When youthful beauty blighted lies
  Beneath the touch of pain,
Say, if the spirit fades and dies
  To never live again.

O! tell me, tell me, summer breeze,
  Heed thou my earnest tone,
While sweeping thro' the greenwood trees
  With low and pensive moan;
Say, if the child, whose grassy bed
  Tears wet like April rain,
Forever slumbers with the dead,
  Or wakes to life again.

Ye cannot answer. Thou, O! earth
  A tongue hath never found
To tell thy sons of second birth,
  Of life with glory crowned;
Heaven, heaven alone the promise gives,
  The Christian chants the strain,
'I *know* that my Redeemer lives,
  That I shall live again!'

OUR EARTHLY HOUSE.

This house of clay! this house of clay,
  How swiftly o'er it steals
The mournful shadows of decay,
  When time its ruin seals.

The storms of life unceasing beat
  Upon the haughty pile,
And prove its grandeur all as fleet
  As sunset's transient smile.

Change comes where mortal might defies,
  Her fearful trace to leave,
And morning's stately mansion lies
  A mouldering mass at eve.

Wealth cannot stay destruction's hand,
  Or bribe him from his toil,
Or pomp, or pride, or high command
  Deter him from his spoil.

Love cannot turn destruction's breath
  From frames of dust away,
She pleads, but yet the grasp of death
  Is on the cherished prey.

Though learning summons art to aid,
  With skill and power sublime,
Art's boasted prowess yields dismayed
  To mighty change and time.

O! frail this house of clay, so dear
  To which we fondly cling,
Immortal guests it tenants here,
  But 't is a mortal thing.

The spirit, born for God, to God
  Shall wing its final flight,
Its mansion, level with the sod,
  Mould in oblivion's night.

O! why, to gild this mortal frame,
  Waste youth, and strength, and bloom,
When soon its ashes, void of name,
  Shall fill the yawning tomb.

Ye poor in earth, but rich in heaven,
  Through Christ accounted just,
Mourn not this worthless mansion, given
  Back to its kindred dust.

Ye have a nobler in the skies,
  Not built by human hands,
Where everlasting pillars rise,
  The promised dwelling stands,

Beyond, beyond the burning stars,
  Where reigns the King of Kings,
No blighting change its beauty mars,
  Decay no shadow flings.

O! if such glorious mansion lifts
  Above its head sublime,
Ye heirs of God's eternal gifts
  Weep not the wrecks of time.

INVOCATION.

AWAKE! my harp, in the hours of night,
  Ere the chains of slumber bind thee!
Awake! my harp, and the morn's red light
  In thine own bright spells shall find thee!

The pale moon treads the unclouded sky,
  And a silvery wreath flings o'er thee,
And nought is heard but the minstrel's sigh,
  Or the brook that flows before thee.

The rustling boughs of the pine are still,
  For the fluttering bird is sleeping,
The voice is hushed of the whip-poor-will,
  In the far wood vigil keeping.

For silence rides in her noiseless car,
  And the dew of sleep is bringing
The dew of sleep from her kingdom far,
  O'er the weary world is flinging.

The day is past, and I care not now
  For its fitful joy or sorrow,
Or to read in the lines on Hope's bright brow
  The scenes of the coming morrow.

Arouse thee now, but awake no sound,
  For the gloomiest and the gravest,
A pæan bid from thy strings rebound
  For the happiest and the bravest.

And sing thou not of the pilgrim old
  On his journey sadly sleeping,
Whose heart is chilled by misfortune cold,
  And whose eye is dimmed by weeping.

And sing thou not of the warrior chief,
  On his tented field reposing,
To-morrow's noon, and the shades of grief
  O'er his home may fast be closing.

But sweetly tune to the fearless youth
  Of the future brightly dreaming,
Whose hopes are clad in the robes of truth,
  With their golden visions teeming.

Awake! my harp, in the hours of night,
  Ere the chains of slumber bind thee!
Awake! my harp, and the morn's red light
  In thine own bright spells shall find thee.

AFFLICTION SANCTIFIED.

On the couch of pain I languish,
  Morn and eve my sorrow see,
Deep the sorrow, keen the anguish,
  Yet, O! God they come from thee;
    Glad I hail them,
  For they tell thou lovest me.

He whom here on earth thou scourgest
  Is the object of thy love,
Him from earthly dross thou purgest,
  Purgest for thyself above,
    His affliction
  O'er him broods a heavenly dove.

Days are long, and sad, and weary,
  Yet thy smiles speed on their flight;
Nights are gloomy, dark and dreary,
  Yet thy presence makes them bright.
    Thou art with me,
  Source of life, and joy, and light.

When the morn her sunbeams flinging,
  Bathes my couch and sleepless eyes,
And the night her flight is winging
  With the rest she me denies,
    O'er my spirit,
  Suns of Righteousness arise.

When the stars of evening brighten
  In their wondrous orbs on high,
And the moon's soft glories lighten
  Shadowy earth and pensive sky,
      Blessed Jesus,
  Thou with purer beams art nigh.

When the mists of doubt enfold me,
  Let thy cross above them tower,
Let thine own right hand uphold me,
  When I feel temptation's power.
      Let thy Spirit
  Aid me in each trying hour.

If to health and strength, long vanished,
  Thou shalt raise my frame again,
Bid these weary hours be banished,
  Quell disease and throbbing pain,
      To thy glory,
  May I live, nor live in vain.

If stern death shall soon assail me,
And the grave her arms spread wide,
Blessed Saviour! never fail me,
Never, for thou too hast died.
Through the valley,
Be my guardian and my guide.

Thus to life, if I am living,
Thine that life whose hand restores,
Dust to dust, if I am giving,
Lo! to thee my spirit soars.
Joys immortal
Wait me on celestial shores.

Reconciled to thy good pleasure,
Ever may I meekly be,
By my faith my comforts measure,
Let me find my all in thee.
Nought can grieve me
While thy smiling face I see.

Up in yonder realm of glory
Lies the crown the saints receive;
Rich the diadems of story,
Richer this, their trials weave,
May I wear it,
When this weary world I leave.

THE ANGELS.

'Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation?'

The angels! the bright angels!
O, are they sent to earth
To minister to those who weep
The ills of mortal birth?
At Jesus' bidding do they leave
The realms of highest bliss,
The raptures of the heavenly world
To soothe the woes of this?

And do they come with pitying hearts,
And words of holy things,
To cheer the drooping spirit up,
And plume Hope's broken wings?
And softly, sweetly whisper e're
The fainting spirit dies,
Of rest beyond this weary world,
Of mansions in the skies?

And do they smile when mortals smile,
  And weep when mortals weep,
As burdened hearts pour freely forth
  Grief's waters dark and deep;
And from their golden pinions shed
  The gifts of heavenly love
On those who meekly here have laid
  Their treasures all above?

The angels! the bright angels!
  Who are the happy throng?
The fondly loved, the early lost,
  Whose memory cherished long,
Still, still is fresh when time rolls back
  His deep and gloomy tide,
And paints anew the darkened room
  Where youth and beauty died?

O, *do* their spirits, whom we yet
  In silent grief deplore,
As those who round the social hearth
  Shall gather never more,
Around us hover all unseen
  And dews of peace distil,
And fill our souls with strength divine
  To meet each earthly ill.

The angels! the bright angels!
  How beautiful they seem
While floating past our vision dim
  In some seraphic dream.
Earth's fairest children, passing fair,
  With charms that mock decay,
In all their freshest bloom have far
  Less loveliness than they.

The seal of purity is set
  Upon each spotless brow,
That speaks a sinless soul within,
  We bear not with us now;
For O, the passion tide that sweeps
  Oft o'er our guilty souls,
Across the pure and peaceful breasts
  Of angels, never rolls.

The angels! the bright angels!
  Our guardians on life's way,
Lest in some dangerous path our feet
  In error blindly stray;
They tread, celestial messengers,
  The path from earth to heaven,
Bear up contrition's load of sin
  And bring it back forgiven.

They are the Christian's guides below,
  His safety and his shield,
They nerve his arm to strike the blow
  That makes the tempter yield;
And when with pleasure's luring charms
  Is spread some fatal snare,
Angelic voices sound alarms,
  The warning breathe, 'beware!'

They lighten life's oppressive cares
  That else might weigh him down,
And fill his soul with calm content,
  Though changeful fortunes frown.
And when upon his couch he lies
  To sleep's embraces given,
They fold their pinions o'er his breast,
  That he may dream of heaven.

And when the shades of night disperse,
  And daylight dawns, they bear
Up to the holy throne of grace
  The Christian's morning prayer;
They fan devotion's fire within
  Until it burns anew,
And love like theirs his spirit warms,
  Love, and compassion too.

The angels! the bright angels!
  The children of the skies,
They gather round the sacred spot
  Whene'er the Christian dies.
And from the martyr's flaming stake,
  Or from the whelming wave,
Triumphant bear his faithful soul
  Back to the God who gave.

O, if they thus are ever nigh,
  Unseen, in every hour,
Me, may they kindly succor, when
  Death makes me feel his power;
And may the dearest to his Lord
  With wings of all most fleet,
My spirit waft, that I may reach
  The sooner Jesus' feet.